

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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FOR MEN

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FROM PAGES PAST

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TOUGH GUYS OF THE SKIES

NUDE: THE GIRL WHO
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THOSE CLASSIC ASTONS

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Alluring Alana, page 60. Pedigree power, page 70

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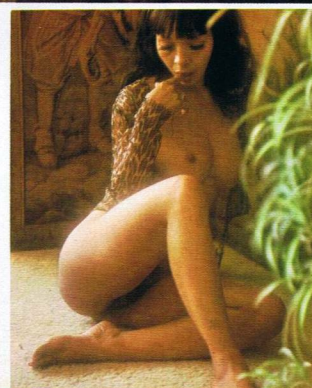


SUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Henley Royal Regatta. Men resplendent in multi-coloured blazers in the sparkling sunshine; girls cool and elegant in soft pastel summer dresses; muscles gleaming with exertion as oars are pulled through water; crisp green lawns stretching down to the Thames; ice chinking in frosty glasses of Pimms; and Sue Lin feeling decidedly randy. 'All those gorgeous hunky men,' she enthuses, 'in their skimpy shorts and singlets. And one chap in particular,





the cox of one of the American Eights in the Grand Challenge Cup. I saw him when the crew were having a meal at *The Catherine Wheel* in Hart Street and thought he looked quite fanciable. Then the following day I bumped into him again in one of the marquees while I was getting a drink and he looked so cute and dinky I just couldn't resist giving him a little squeeze. He looked a bit startled and then he grinned, so we began to have a very pleasant chat, but just as we were both starting to enjoy ourselves he had to go off and race.' Sue sighs. 'I didn't see him again after that; the people I was with had to go. I hoped he'd be back this year, but he wasn't. Still, I'm good at being philosophical about things like that.' Sue's philosophical background stems from her upbringing in Hong Kong where she was born 21 years ago, moving her superbly rounded 36-24-36 to the less inscrutable streets of London a year ago to further her studies. And rowing? 'It's all those terms like *cox* and *stroke*,' Sue grins, 'They're simply too on-turning to resist!'

BRITT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST

Anyone for tennis? Or rather as far as 21-year-old Britt Mackeson is concerned, anyone for badminton? Most afternoons,

Britt's lithe 34-22-34 is on view haring round the badminton court of a technical college

in Edinburgh beating the life out of a shuttlecock. 'I like to keep fit, you see,' she explains,

'and I like all forms of sport, but without wishing to be big-headed, I'm actually quite good at this one. I don't

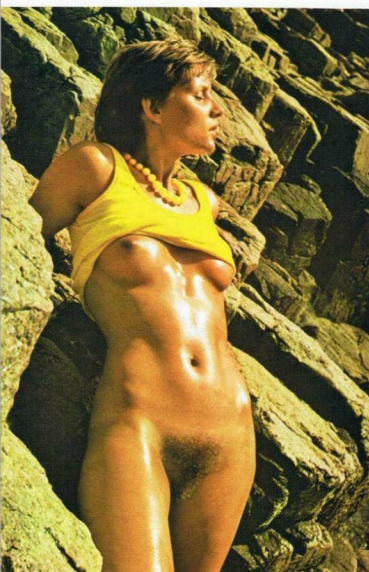
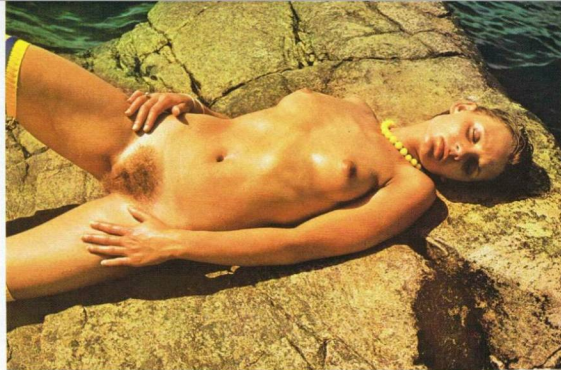




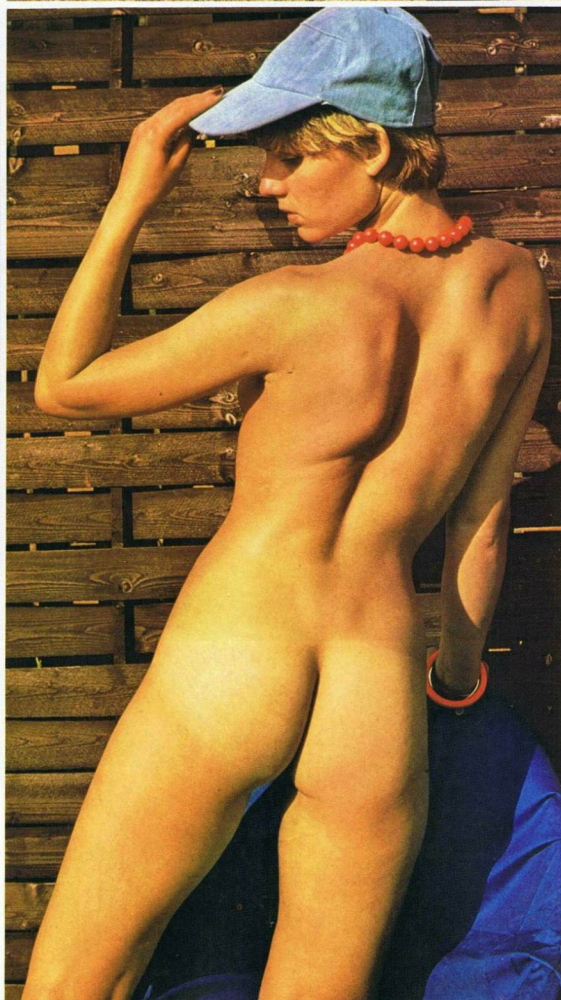
really like doing anything unless I can do it well and I get particular satisfaction out of beating boyfriends. At badminton," she adds hastily, blushing slightly, "I'm not one of your whips and chains devotees, but I must admit that I do tend to be a bit aggressive with men. If they can prove themselves my equal, or better than me, then I'm theirs. But if a guy doesn't come up to scratch, there doesn't seem much point in hanging around, does there? Actually, before I came here to college, I don't think I had this attitude. At home, things are very different, people aren't trying to get you into bed all the time – maybe because they're so used to the 'Nordic type'. Here though, I've had to fight men off. Well, some men anyway. I was very confused at first, but then I figured that if a man wanted me badly enough, he'd at least have to try damn hard. And it seems to have worked, because I've had some marvellous boyfriends. The relationships have tended to be a bit volatile, with both of us trying to get the upper hand you'd expect that,



but nobody could say that they've been bored when they're with me! I'm not necessarily saying that I'd recommend every girl to try out my approach, but I've seen so many girlfriends of mine get left behind when, say, boyfriends go out together for a drink. I insist on going along with them. I don't think of it as Women's Lib or anything like that — I just like to be in the swing of



things. Not left out. This is where all the sporting bit comes in. Most of the guys here are sporty types and if I can beat them at something when we're on equal terms, they respect me. I like that. The time they realise that they've been beaten by a *girl*. The first time it happened, all the guy's friends took the mickey out of him. Then I did it to another one. That made them think! Now we're all, what do you say, muckers.' Britt grins. 'Don't misprint that last word!'



Dauntless Dakota

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needed. Among the numerous squadrons involved was No 271, a unit with much active service behind it, operating from Down Ampney. They had dropped paratroops in the Normandy landings, and since then had flown supplies in to the beaches, done supply drops in the Falaise Gap and even landed munitions at Brussels airport while fighting was going on practically alongside. One of its pilots, Flight Lieutenant D S A Lord, DFC, who had earned his decoration in Burma doing Army support work, attended the briefing a little before noon and learned that his cargo of high explosives packed in eight panniers was of vital importance to the ground troops. He took off shortly afterwards with his crew of three plus four RASC dispatchers and flew direct to Arnhem. He approached the dropping zone in poor visibility below the cloud-base and commenced his first run through a hail of flak. Ninety seconds before reaching the dropping zone his port engine was hit and set on fire but he carried on steadily although he was unable to drop any of his load owing to difficulty in identifying the ground markers. He turned for a second run and managed to drop half the panniers but his aircraft was hit again and this time the starboard engine caught fire. He came in on his third run with the port engine burning and most of the starboard wing on fire, dropping all but two of the remaining containers. Finally, he brought his aircraft in on a fourth run despite the fact that it was ablaze from wing tip to wing tip. As the last two panniers dropped the aircraft exploded and fell in flaming fragments into the dropping zone. Only the navigator survived by being thrown clear and parachuting to safety. For this near incredible display of courage and devotion to duty, Flight Lieutenant Lord was later awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross. The aircraft involved was a Dakota.

There are not all that many aircraft which can be described as classic aeroplanes but the Douglas Dakota, the DC3, the C47, call it what you will, is certainly one of them. Developed from a design which first appeared on the drawing board in 1933, there

are still some 3,000 of them flying today and, apart from being the outstanding passenger airliner of the late 1930s, it has unquestionably proved to be the most successful military transport of all time, serving in three major wars – World War II, Korea and Vietnam – apart from somewhat minor big scale operations like the Berlin Airlift of 1948 and anti-terrorist activities in Malaya in the same year.

To get the story of the Douglas Dakota in perspective it is necessary to go right back to the 1920s and the early development of the commercial airlines. The carrying of fare-paying passengers was an infant industry at that time and from the earliest days a preference was shown for three-motored aircraft of which, perhaps, the Ford Trimotor, the Armstrong Whitworth Argosy and the Junkers Ju 52 were the most typical examples. But in 1933 the Boeing Company introduced their model No 247 which was to incorporate all the basic essentials of airliner construction for the future – low wing, monoplane configuration with all metal structure, twin engines, retractable undercarriage and variable pitch propellers – a decided breakthrough in departing from traditions, particularly in the elimination of the third engine mounted in the nose which was always reduced in efficiency because of the ponderous bulk of fuselage behind it.

The Boeing 247, however, despite being an aircraft design which, in direct descendant terms, was responsible for later developments which would have incalculable effect on allied military efforts in World War II – B17 Flying Fortress and B29 Superfortress – is of interest here chiefly because it sparked off competitive effort in another aircraft manufacturer, Donald W Douglas.

Born in 1892 in Brooklyn, son of a bank cashier, Douglas was originally intended for the Navy but became so enthusiastic on the subject of aircraft design that he engineered a transfer from the Naval Academy at Annapolis to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and embarked on his studies with such energy and talent that he completed a four year degree course in 24 months. Graduating in 1914, he was

by 1915 Chief Engineer with the Glenn L Martin Company, one of the premier aviation companies of the day. And then, just five years later, with a bank balance of a mere \$600, his restless ambition got the better of him and, with enviable self-confidence, he set up his own aircraft company in Southern California.

The first Douglas design to achieve any real prominence was the Liberty-engined biplane called the DWC – for Douglas World Cruiser – four of which performed the first aerial circumnavigation of the globe in 1931, taking off from Clover Field, Santa Monica, on March 17 and landing in the same place, on a carpet of specially strewn rose petals, some six months later. This was perhaps only a nine days wonder – few people today, apart from aeronautical archaeologists, would remember the Douglas World Cruiser – but over the next few years the Douglas Company prospered steadily, designing numerous aircraft for the commercial and military market and gradually increasing its prestige and importance in what had by now become a highly competitive field. Then, in August, 1932, came the breakthrough. Transcontinental and Western Air Inc (TWA) wrote to Douglas enclosing their specifications and requirements for a new airliner and asked if he was interested in submitting plans.

For a man like Douglas, the opportunity was irresistible and his design team got down to work immediately. TWA specifications called for a three motored aircraft, but Boeing had just produced their 247 model which was on display at the Chicago World's Fair and being described by at least one air correspondent as an aircraft which was so revolutionary that it would be 'a long time before anyone builds a better or faster plane than this.' This particular reporter was to be proved wrong within months. The Douglas men who, as a matter of interest, included as Chief Engineer, J H 'Dutch' Kindelberger (the man who would later mastermind production of another classic aeroplane, the North American P51 Mustang) decided from the start to scrap the trimotor configuration and opt for something more on the lines of the new Boeing transport. The result of their deliberations, the Douglas DC1 (DC for Douglas Commercial) rolled from the hangars ten months later. By the standards of the day it was a gigantic aircraft. It was 60 feet long with a wing span of 85 feet and powered by two nine-cylinder, 710 hp Wright Cyclone engines. It could seat 12 passengers in conditions of comfort relatively unknown at that time. And in every way it was a much better aeroplane than the Boeing 247 as would shortly be proved. The DC1 was a winner and was passed over to TWA who immediately put in an order for 20 more. The production models were designated DC2, differing from the prototype only in minor ways – seating for two more passengers and redesigned rudder and wheel brakes. Widespread interest was immediately shown and orders came pouring in from most of the major American airlines including

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Dauntless Dakota

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Eastern Air Transport who sported Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, top-scoring American air ace of World War I, as vice-president. A little later the Douglas airfield at Santa Monica was graced with a visit from an even more prestigious figure who had managed to survive all the hazards of cut and thrust above the trenches of the Western Front. Without warning, a garishly-decorated biplane erupted out of the sky, screamed earthwards, did a half-roll and belted past the hangars upside down a few feet from the ground. Then, gaining a little height, the pilot came in for an immaculate dead stick landing to park his machine almost nose to nose with the DC1. This barnstorming show-off was Colonel Ernst Udet, high-ranking German ace of World War I, currently adviser to President Hindenburg on aviation matters and soon to become the number one man behind Hermann Goering in the formation of the Luftwaffe. As a result of his interest the Douglas Commercial became known in Europe and Royal Dutch Airlines (KLM) and ABA, the Swedish airline, were among the first to order the DC2 in quantity. A year later the DC2 was to receive a final seal of approval in one of the principal sporting events of the decade.

The occasion was the England/Australia Air Race of 1934. The race was from Mildenhall to Melbourne and had been sponsored by an Australian sweet-manufacturer and philanthropist, Sir Macpherson Robertson. It attracted worldwide attention. Practically every well-known name in sporting aviation was involved in one way or another. Geoffrey de Havilland was designing a special machine for the race, so was Blériot; Wiley Post, who held the round-the-world record was entering. Jean Batten was flying in from Australia to compete. Jim Mollison and his wife, the former Amy Johnson, were buying one of the new de Havillands for the race and other celebrities of the aviation world like the Australian, Charles Kingsford-Smith, and the Russian, Alexander de Seversky, were supposed to be taking part.

Not all these big names turned up for the race in the end but among those who did were a Dutch pair, Parmentier and Moll, entered by KLM. Their aircraft was a DC2. By this time the Douglas Commercial was so well-known – and so well-fancied – that the DC2 started as favourite at odds of 10/1, although the new de Havilland Comets were close behind at 12/1 and a colourful American, Roscoe Turner, was fetching the same price with a Boeing 247. In the end the British fliers, Scott and Black, carried off the honours in their DH Comet, 'Grosvenor House', but Parmentier and Moll cruised the KLM Douglas comfortably into second place, flying the long route with clockwork precision and efficiency, just as if it was a routine passenger flight. The result added further prestige to the Douglas Company – as if that were needed; by now the DC2 was operating as a civil airliner and transport in 21 countries. All this time the one and only prototype,

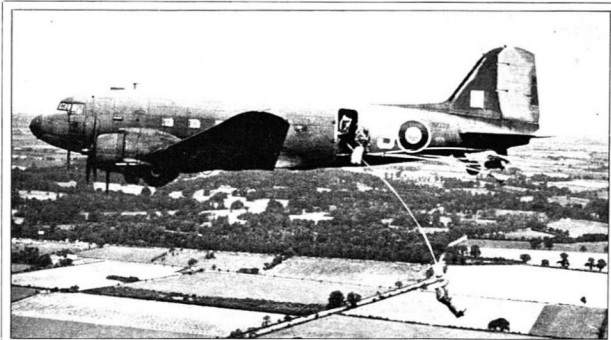
the DC1, had been flying continuously and breaking distance and endurance records with monotonous regularity. In 1936, Douglas sold the aircraft to Howard Hughes, whose reputation as a film director was rivalled only by his prestige in the aviation world. Hughes planned to fly round the world in the DC1 but later changed his mind and sold it to a wealthy Englishman, Viscount Forbes, who used it as a personal transport until October, 1938, when it was sold to a French company, from whence it found its way to Spain. The Republicans used it as a reconnaissance aircraft in the Spanish Civil War and in April, 1939, it carried their leaders to safety and exile in France. When the war ended it was handed back to the Nationalist Government to form the nucleus of the Spanish official airline. It crashed on take-off at Malaga in December, 1940, and the belly-landing, which injured no one, ended its long, distinguished and eventful career.

In the meantime, Douglas had not been idle. With the DC2 a runaway success, he was persuaded by the president of American Airlines to embark on a further project to increase the range and payload of the design. Douglas was at first hesitant – he was already selling as many DC2s as he could make – but an order for 20 of the new mark was hanging in the balance and he, somewhat reluctantly, gave his design team the go-ahead. The result was the DC3, a more capacious version of the DC2, and which could seat 21 people in comfort or accommodate 14 in a sleeper version (the DST). Curtiss Wright had produced a new 1,000 hp engine which gave it the extra power and speed. This was the final, definitive Douglas Commercial that would emerge as the Dakota and C47 of World War II and the most successful airliner to this day. United Airlines, the one American company that had stayed loyally with the Boeing 247, finally admitted that the Boeing was outclassed, scrapped its fleet and ordered the DC3 in quantity. By the end of the thirties, with war clouds gathering in

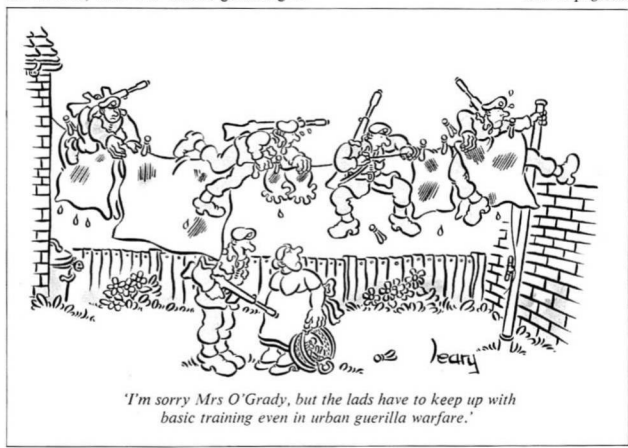
Europe, Douglas were supplying 80 per cent of all scheduled air transport in the United States – apart from strong representation in Europe where the Netherlands (KLM), Belgium (Sabena), Denmark (DDL), Switzerland (Swissair), Poland (LOT), Sweden (ABA) and Czechoslovakia (CLS) all used DC2s or 3s in their fleets. The only major exceptions were Britain (Imperial Airways) and Germany (Deutsche Luft Hansa). Even France (Air France) bought two Douglas Commercials although war broke out before they could be properly evaluated. As things turned out, many Douglas aircraft were to fall into the hands of Deutsche Luft Hansa when the Germans invaded successive countries – Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Belgium and Holland. And by now, of course, it was time for the DC3 to go to war on the allied side as well.

Military service was not new to the Douglas Commercial. All branches of the American services had been trying it out for a variety of roles but there had been no firm orders. Then, after the fall of France, the British Purchasing Commission descended on Washington to buy aircraft for the RAF. In the desperate circumstances ruling at that time, they grabbed anything they could get and many DC3s intended for Pan American, TWA or American Airlines finished up in the Middle and Far East as RAF transports, flying reinforcements into Burma as the Japanese advanced, and evacuating casualties to India on their return trips. But it was not until 1942 that the Douglas factory – still at Santa Monica – began turning out aircraft on any sort of scale for the war effort. Once started, however, a steady stream of Dakotas flowed across the Atlantic, many of them piloted and crewed by 'one trippers' – allied airmen who had completed their training in Canada and were returning to the UK for operational postings. By this time America had entered the war and the Douglas Company was inundated with orders for a military variant of the DC3 called the C47 Skytrain

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A Dakota of No 1 Parachute Training School on a training sortie.



'I'm sorry Mrs O'Grady, but the lads have to keep up with basic training even in urban guerilla warfare.'

Slow, cumbersome and unarmed, the Douglas Dakota—military variant of the world's best-selling airliner, the DC3—was the air transport which more than any other paved the way for allied victory in World War Two/by Gerald Rawling

DAUNTLESS DAKOTA

The time: September 19, 1944. The place: a small town in The Netherlands named Arnhem where the British 1st Airborne Division had been landed two days earlier to secure a bridgehead for the advancing armour of the British 2nd Army. For the paratroops, things were beginning to look

desperate as they fought stubbornly against determined counter attacks from powerful German armoured units and elite SS Divisions. Operation 'Market Garden', the airborne drop on Arnhem, had proved, as all military historians have since agreed, 'one bridge too far' and was gradually turning

into a disaster. But, on September 19, there was still hope of holding on if the troops could be adequately reinforced with supplies and ammunition and on that day RAF Transport Command mounted a maximum effort to bring them the material they

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FELLD S.A. Lord, DFC, earned a posthumous VC after flying his burning Dakota, laden with panniers of high-explosive for the beleaguered 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem, on four runs over the dropping zone. As the last panniers dropped, the plane exploded and crashed.

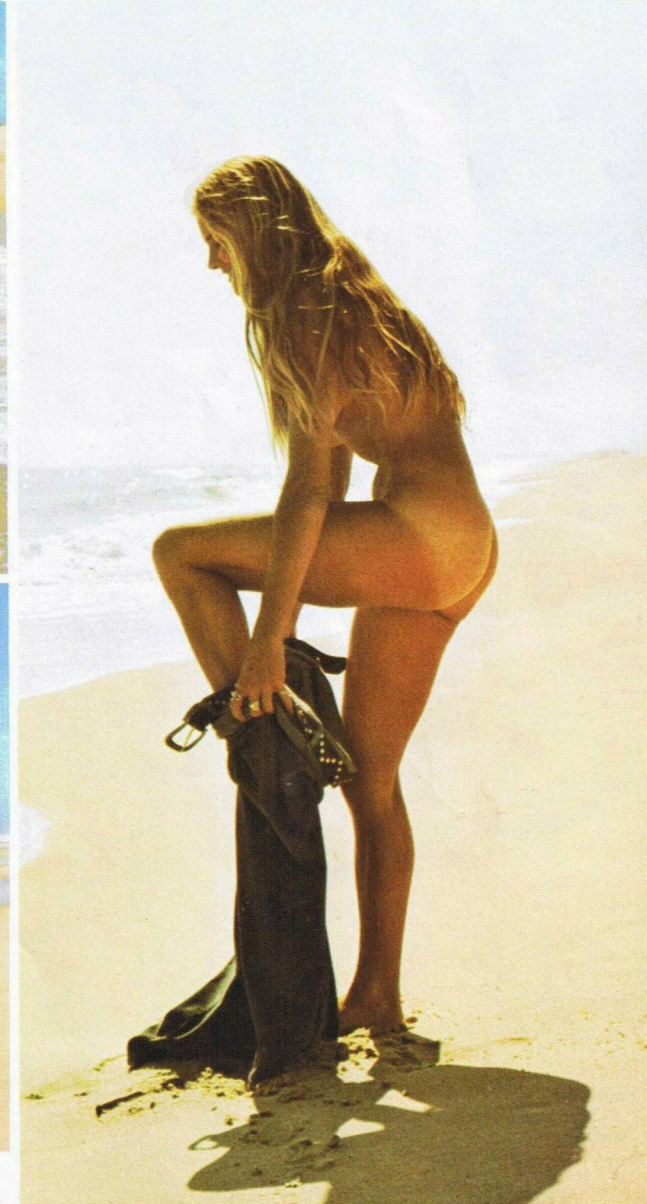
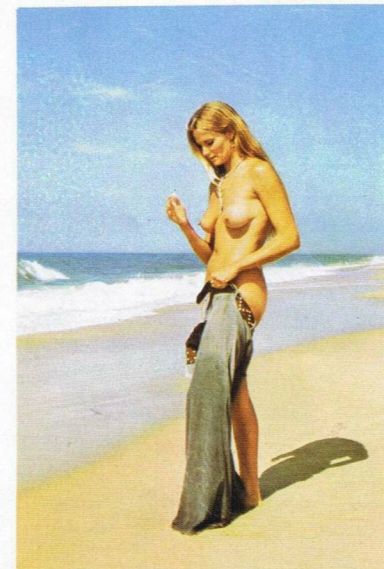
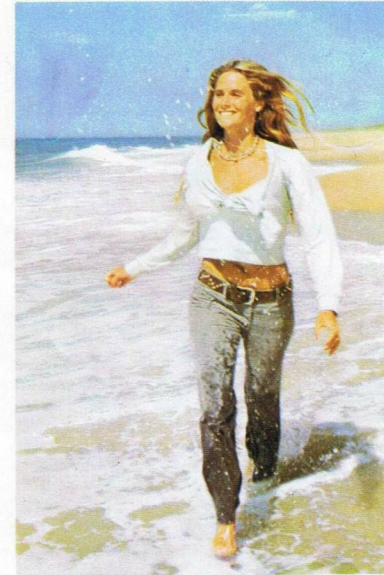
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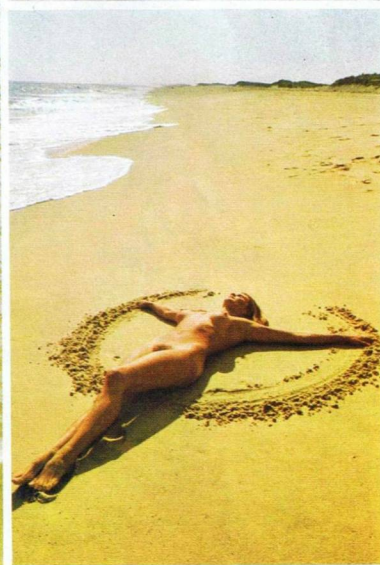
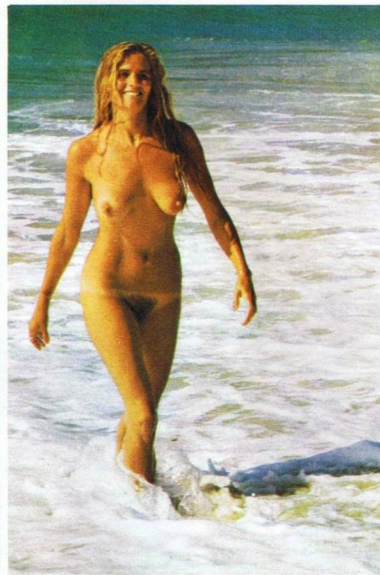
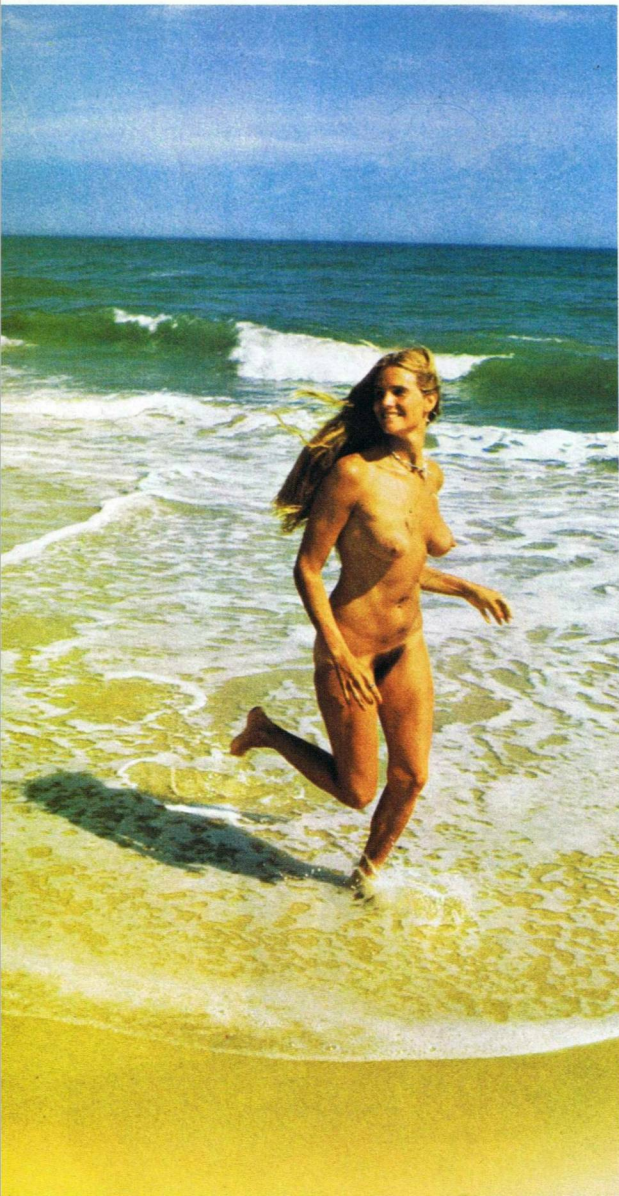


SUSAN BACKLINIE THE NUDE FROM 'JAWS'

For all those fans of the monster epic *Jaws* who have become adjusted to taking a bath again without the aid of a handy harpoon gun, a gentle reminder. Not all the heart-stopping moments came with the appearance of that man-eating shark – in the opening scene a very feminine member of a beach party greets the dusk by discreetly stripping on the strand and plunging into the sea, to meet a more than watery end. Her name was Susan Backlinie and her 38-24-37 inches made such an impact on

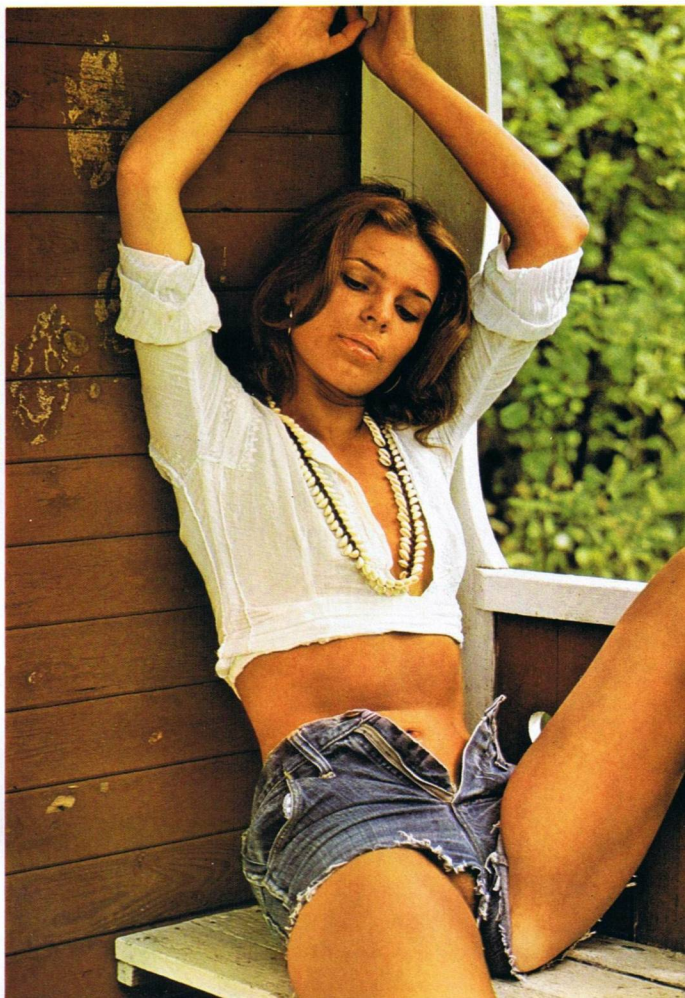
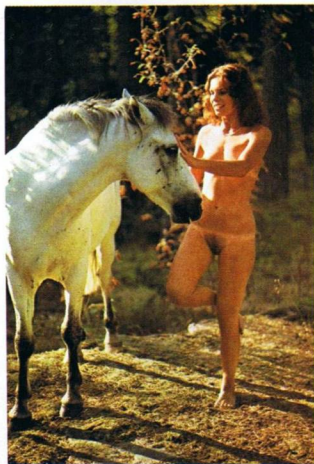


Mayfair readers we judged some less discreet exposure would be in order. Born in Washington 29 years ago, Susan's demise in the teeth of *Jaws* mechanical shark, Bruce, seems to have done little to curb a life-long fascination for the sea. Brought up in Florida she swam professionally in her teens and early twenties in local under-water shows and now lives in a 30-foot cabin cruiser in a marina north of Los Angeles, taking time away from the film cameras to go scuba-diving and shark-fishing. Ideal qualifications for her *Jaws* role. Though it lasted only a few short, shattering minutes on screen, the filming took nine days to complete. 'It was a sunset shot,' Susan explains, 'so I would only work in the morning or evening.' She remains a fan of her fishy assailant. 'Bruce was fantastic. If you've ever seen a 14-foot shark with a mouth that would go from my head to my rear-end, you would know that he was very real-looking.' Not an experience to be repeated. But Susan doesn't mind. Her next three films will co-star a bear, a tiger and leopard.



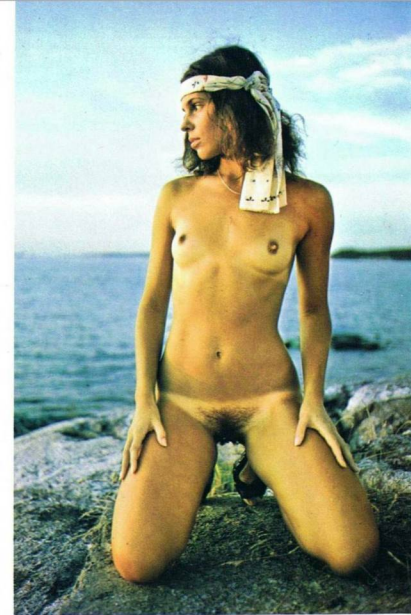
ANGELA

Nobody can say the girls in this issue are home-types. Britt Mackeson is a real badminton buff and 23-year-old Angela Becker is another who prefers the sporty life. In Angela's case, horseriding and snorkelling are prime pursuits, the net results from all this activity being a trim 34-22-34 figure. 'It's not that I'm actually crazy about riding and swimming,' explains Angela, 'but I do actively dislike sitting around doing nothing. And I'm not what you'd call a great fan of clubs and discos either. I've





got to do *something* in my spare time, or else I'd just turn into a vegetable. Hence my hobbies. I started horseriding first on a really super little chestnut mare called Betsy. She was great for a beginner like me – very docile. Then I graduated to slightly more lively animals. The one in the pictures isn't mine – worse luck – but I'd better not say too much in case mine starts to get jealous. Horses are very sensitive you know.' Angela smiles. 'I must sound like someone in an Angela Brazil novel. I know we share the same first name and our surnames begin with the same letter, but that's about all we do have in common. Despite all the sporty stuff, I'm not really a jolly hockey-sticks girl.' She winks. 'Besides, men aren't attracted to that sort, and it was one of my boyfriends who got me into snorkelling. He worked for one of the airlines and consequently got massive discounts on fares. He took me for a holiday in the Caribbean which was just fantastic. We went out in a glass-bottomed boat one day and looking at the coral and the fish, I just *had* to get down there. I'm

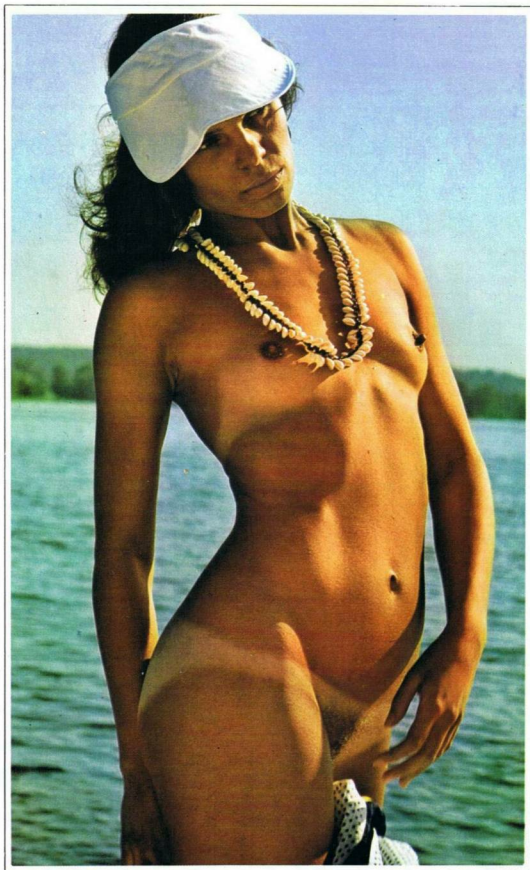


A Dazzling Decade

Famous Girls From Pages Past



Recognise our very first cover girl? It's Raquel Welch, who helped launch *Mayfair* at the end of August ten years ago. We've featured many tele- and cine-birds since then and this pictorial captures some of the most memorable who have stripped for our cameras



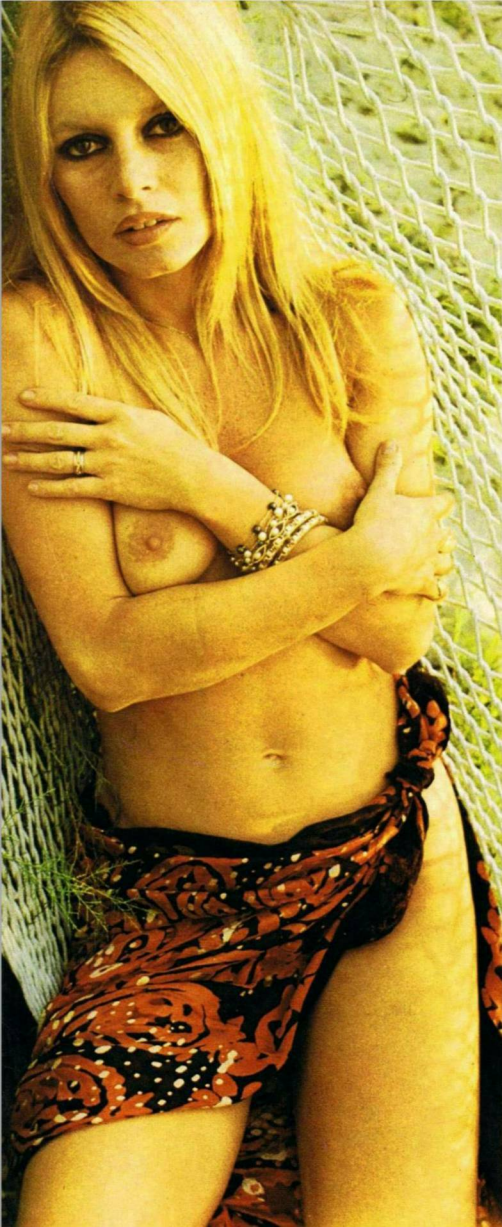
quite a strong swimmer and I got the hang of snorkelling quite quickly.

Mark you, once you get back to this country, you realise you've been a bit spoilt because the seas round our coasts just don't begin to compare.

Cornwall's not bad, but I usually try to save up a bit then head down for the Mediterranean or the Aegean which are pretty good." Saving up for snorkelling forays involves Angela in diligent temping around the offices of London, though she

did for a while work in her native Stafford. "A nice enough place in its way," maintains Angela, "but there just wasn't the scope for temping. Back home you tended to get rather tied to a job once you'd been there a while, but in London, they don't really mind if you up and off after a few weeks. They almost seem to expect it. I've nearly saved up enough to go again — I'll catch you something tasty and send it back. Or maybe I'm tasty enough on my own!"





Who better to start off our collection of *Mayfair's* best-ever girls than the incomparable Brigitte Bardot? Now past 40, Bardot still maintains that air of kittenish sensuality so apparent in her memorable photo-set of seven years ago. Pert-nipped and with a bottom that had readers searching for new superlatives, Penny Irving, (below), brightened our issue of Christmas 1973. Now fast becoming an established actress, Penny appeared in the film 'House of Whipcord' and landed a plum hostess job on the TV quiz show 'Mr and Mrs'. Luscious Lesley Fears, (right), has movie credits to her name too. Ken Russell dressed her in bizarre fashion for the rock-opera 'Tommy' – gasmask, stockings and suspenders! But south coast readers will recall Lesley as the Miss Solent beauty queen winner.





Stunning blonde Penny Mallett, (top left), once bared all for *Mayfair* readers. Now better-known as top model Nina Carter, she confines herself to topless poses only. Swedish superbird Lena Skoog, (above), was a regular hostess on BBC's 'It's A Knockout' during the summer. Avuncular Eddie Waring nicknamed her 'Skoogie' — we call her sensational. Marilyn Looms, (left), raised your collective libidos to new heights as you viewed the provocative curves of her bottom. 'Like twin moons', wrote one ecstatic reader. We fully agree. 55



After a brutal rape scene in the film 'Clockwork Orange' we featured Katya Wyeth, (left), in rather gentler circumstances. Glenda Allen, (below), added her cool brunette lustre to 'Confessions of a Window Cleaner' while Susy Shaw was another film rape victim – standing in for Susan George in 'Straw Dogs'. Stephanie McLean, (right), became the *Daily Mirror's* 'Face of the Year' in 1973. However it was left to us to show you not only her face, but her nude figure too.





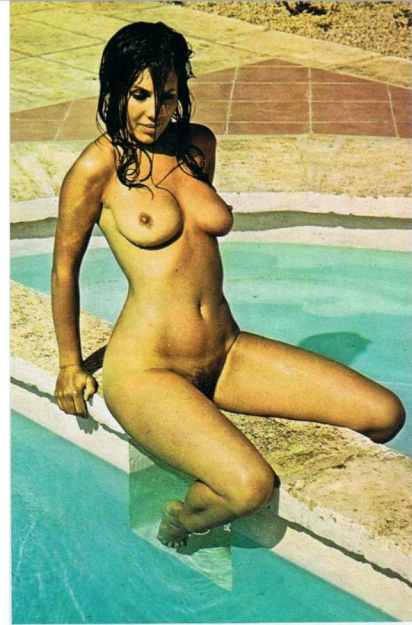
ALANA

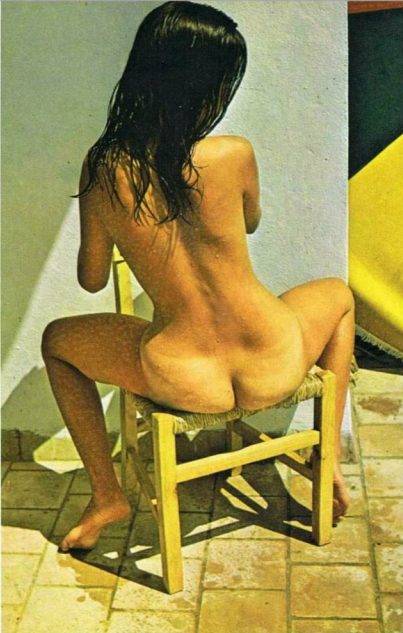
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If you live in or around St. Leonard's down sunny Sussex way, sometime in the next couple of months you might find yourself sitting at home twiddling your thumbs one afternoon when a ring will come on the front door-bell. Standing there on the porch will be 22-year-old Alana Ford. She will smile and press something round and firm into your hands and ask you to bite into it. As you do so, sweet juices



I've come across a couple of highly original ones that nearly worked — like the chap who did his damndest to persuade me to wash my own clothes with a washing powder sample. He made it sound such a reasonable request too. And he was a bit dishy — but married.' Alan sighs. 'Still, in the end we compromised. I took off my stockings and washed them, but I wouldn't leave them as a souvenir like he wanted me to. Imagine the fuss if his wife had found them! Some of the other girls tell hair-raising stories about being jumped on when they're doing the rounds, but nothing like that's ever happened to me. I don't know quite how to take that. I mean I don't want to be jumped upon, but at least if I was it would prove the man was turned-on, which would be a compliment of sorts. Maybe if they asked me first if I minded . . .' She smiles, 'though that may take away some of the spontaneity.' So should a delectable 36-23-36 girl arrive *chez vous* and you find yourself fancying her something rotten, ask first. Who knows, the answer may just be 'yes'!





will trickle sensuously down your chin. Sounds good, doesn't it? But in case your collective imaginations are now running riot, it's only fair to point out that Alana works in sales promotion and will be handing out apples and pears in the hope that one taste of her delicious wares will immediately have you heading to the nearest greengrocer to order up some more. Over the past few months, Alana has handed out dairy produce in Darlington and frozen food vouchers in Faversham. 'And more,' she adds, 'I must have given away tons of stuff in the time I've been working in sales promotion. Normally when I call round to homes it's during the afternoon and only housewives are in, but occasionally a man answers the door and I sometimes have a job convincing them that I'm not the product that's on offer.' Alana grins. 'Mark you, there have been times when I've been tempted. Although I'm pretty used to most of the old 'come to bed' techniques,



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ALANA FORD





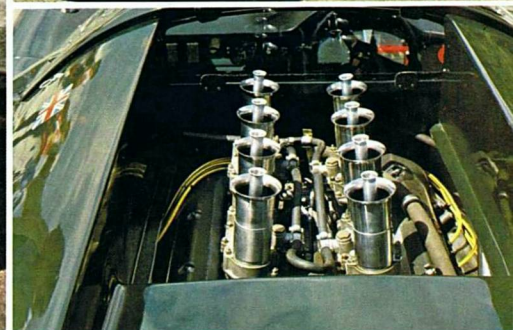
Main picture: the Aston Martin Project 212, built in 1962 to take on the Ferraris at Le Mans where it was driven by Graham Hill and Richie Ginther. Far right, top: 142 mph, 1963 DB5s which developed 282 bhp from 3.9-litre engines. Far right, bottom: latest Aston carburettor V8 – pre-1974 Astons were fuel-injected. Immediate right: a Mark III convertible, only 551 Mark IIIs were built. Right: DB4GT road car, built in 1959–60, and converted for racing. Engine is 3.7-litres, 320 bhp.



Breath-taking acceleration and a Le Mans-proven pedigree make post-war Astons a symbol of classic motoring

ACCOLADE FOR ASTONS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland



After a difficult past few years Aston Martin Ltd are firmly on the road to recovery and to prove it their order books are full. Today, you can't go into a showroom – providing you've got £15,000 in the first place – and buy one... there's a four month waiting list for delivery and the plant can sell every Aston it makes, several times over if it wished. So how refreshing it was that this upturn in the Aston fortune should be heralded, celebrated even, by the Aston Martin Owner's Club who made a welcome return to Brands Hatch in

mid-May – 20 years since the club held its first speed event at the circuit and 15 years since it last appeared there – with a complete day's racing for historic and classic cars. It was there, that Andrew Morland took these pictures. A very British confection indeed is Aston Martin, it even has its own power-pack, eschewing the great hulk of Chrysler-power that is apt to be resorted to by makers of similar-sized top-performance-luxury automobiles manufactured in English factories – Rolls-Royce excepted, of

course. That big engine will get the Aston V8 up to a top speed of 155 mph and, more to the point, thrust it from a standstill to the mile-a-minute gait in the brief space of 5.7 seconds. Indeed, it is the sort of satisfyingly breath-taking acceleration that will enable the Aston Martin driver to play bears with a Porsche Carrera and bid goodbye to cars of the calibre of the Maserati Bora and Maserati Merak. Of the super-fast stuff you once in a while meet on a normal journey, even the Ferrari Dino 308 GT4 will not see the British motor-car off, in this 0-60

of the late Lionel Martin when, just before the Kaiser conflict, he decided to produce the best light-car of them all, a sort of 1½-litre Rolls-Royce. Lionel the Etonian had been tuning rather pedestrian Singer Tens at that time, when not racing pedal-cycles. His Singers became quick but he wanted something more refined, faster still, and a car he could manufacture himself. The outcome, which didn't bear fruit until after the Armistice was the original Aston-Martin. The name had a hyphen in those days and here is one of my Aston memories, that of the



mph band, - although driven with skill, the Ferrari should do this stint in 6½ seconds or a fraction less. So you are welcome to refer to the present-day Aston Martin as a road-burner, of top capacity. It is, of course, the product of a company that had a fine racing pedigree. I am glad that this illustrious British make has survived the clammy grip of the take-over financiers, because it has contributed not a little to British motor racing history and because I have some happy memories of it. I remember being 100 per cent behind the ideals

mayhem caused to printer's compositors when I used to write Aston Martin history, giving the pre-1930 models that wretched hyphen but omitting it from later ones . . . The name, you see, was a composition of Lionel's surname and the first part of the place-designation of a hill-climb near Aylesbury, beloved of the racing fraternity, who in those free 1920s were permitted to race up it, although it was actually a public highway, the still-existent gradient at Aston-Clinton. I bet Mr Martin

turn to page 82

Main picture, above: a 2.2-litre, 162 bhp DB Mark III. Built from 1957-59, the Mark III cost £2,300 new - today they sell for up to £4,000. Far left, top: One of only 14 DB4GT-Zagatos ever produced. The Italian-made bodies were shipped to Britain for securing to the chassis. Far left, bottom: a 1957-59 DB Mark III, 2.9-litre which could do 0-100 in 31 secs. Left: a rare, 1970 cc, 90 bhp, DB1 convertible which competed at Le Mans in 1949. Immediate left: the DB4GT seen on page 71.

Accolade for Astons

continued from page 72

thought that one up as he sat in a hedge in the middle of a winter night changing his socks for a pair of more yellow-hue, which he was rumoured to do when he had been obliged to retire his latest sporting Singer light-car from some trial or other. Anyway, that was the Aston-Martin light car, a side-by-side-valve 1½-litre concoction, its prototype power unit tested in a flimsy pre-war Isotta-Fraschini chassis but the production models having road-gear that may have owed a trace to the Brescia Bugatti. Well, Aston Martin fortunes ebbed and flowed – the car 'wore the green' (the British racing colour, Snodgrass) – in important sports-car races. To spare you the entire list, I will content myself with remarking that at the great Le Mans 24-hour race alone they competed in 1928, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1949, and, damn it, from every year thereafter until AM retired from participation.

We are rushing ahead historically if not hysterically, now, and it is necessary to remark that the Aston had gone through various stages of technical development or de-development. It was as a 2½-litre Bentley-engined DBII coupé that the revised post-war Aston Martin began winning races, besides being a very fast road-going car. I remember getting hold of one for a *Motor Sport* road-test, back in 1951, a DBII drop-head, and of having to take performance figures for it on sheet-ice. It did 0 to 90 mph in less than 30 seconds, which was exciting under the prevailing circumstances, a flying lap round Brands Hatch having to be abandoned due to a snow storm. I see that in those days you could buy this nice Aston Martin DBII for not much more than £2,000, which included purchase tax, and that in 1951 the 78 x 90 mm six-cylinder engine ran on a compression-ratio of only 6½ to 1 (fuel was more knock-prone then) and poked out 105 bhp at 5,000 rpm. The slippery road ruined our acceleration-with-stop-watch gambits but 0-60 came up in 12.7 seconds and top speed, another teeth-clenching achievement on that ice, was 109 mph.

That was a same line of development that was to lead to

the many race successes and evermore powerful Aston Martins, under the David Brown régime that commenced in 1949 at Newport Pagnell beneath the Aston Martin-Lagonda Limited banner. The support of motor-enthusiast Sir David Brown was to lead to great things, such as second place in the Le Mans marathon in 1955, and again in 1956, respectively Peter Collins and Paul Frère came home 6½ miles in arrears of the winning Jaguar driven by Duncan Hamilton and Ivor Bueb, their Aston giving away half-a-litre in engine swept-volume to the Coventry car; and when Moss and Collins did the same with a 3-litre Aston Martin, this time getting within just over ten miles of the victorious Flockhart/Sanderson 3.4 Jaguar. There was even the David Brown AM foray into pukka Formula One racing. As a production car the Lagonda-engined Aston Martin was more sophisticated than a Jag, with its space-frame of square-section tubing, apart from which there were fewer of them about. Aston Martins were, and are, essentially exclusive productions. The four-cylinder push-rod engine had been used in the original DB model to test the space frame, the number of these models made being countable on the fingers of one hand. The DBII, in two-door coupé or convertible form, had very notable road-clinging and cornering and some 400 were turned out. From this stemmed the BD2/4s and it was the later versions of these that employed the 3-litre engine. The Mk III edition was notable for greater refinement and whereas 105 hp had been the peak of the old Bentley-Lagonda engine, there was now almost 190 hp under one's foot in a car weighing 2,800 pounds.



'Technical point, Miss, it's called a re-spray, not a blow job.'

Things altered with the DB4 of 1959, for a platform frame was used, with wishbone ifs, a beam rear axle located by Watt's linkage and radius arms while the engine had become a light-alloy six in the former twin-cam guise, but of 3.7-litre. The aluminium body was mounted, still a two-door coupé or convertible, on a tubular framework. This model lasted to 1963 and was a 140 mph car, able to give 0-100 mph in about 20 seconds. The ('Vantage') engine available from 1962 upped the power and performance even further. All told, production soared to about 1,390 of these various DB4s. In addition there were Zagato-bodied and GT variants, the latter a 300 bhp short-wheelbase (7ft 9in) job weighing 2,735 pounds.

So to the DB5, introduced in 1964. Luxury had crept in, or greater luxury is more accurate. Electric window lifts, adjustable shock-absorbers, etc, but a back seat used only with pleasure by little kids or circus dwarfs. The weight of the increased equipment was offset by having a 4-litre engine, as in the Lagonda Rapide of comparatively modern times, but endowed with triple carburettors, a ZF five-speed gearbox with direct fourth gear, and improved braking. The DB6 was a long version of the DB5, a trifle faster, and it had lower drag. The DB6 Vantage was a 148 mph motor-car, able to break 0-100 in 15 seconds. Then to the V8 of 1969, from which the AM design department got 171 mph and 0-100 in 13½ seconds.

It is good to know that this engine, great hulk that it is, with four oh camshafts, is powering the 1976 production AM, a motor-car that will comfortably dispose of a V12

Jaguar, they tell me! It is a 90 degrees V8 with those two overhead camshafts per cylinder bank, a five-bearing crankshaft, and four twin-choke Webbers that drink petrol at the rate of about a gallon every 10 or 12 miles, depending on the weight of your right hoof. De Dion rear suspension helps to control the 39 hundred-weight beast, as do disc brakes all round, and power is applied via a five-speed gearbox, the final drive ratio being 3.54:1. The V8 is quite a motor. But the last Aston Martin I tried was a DBS Vantage. It was 1969, the year of the Investiture of The Prince of Wales. I conceived the idea of taking a British car down to Caernarvon Castle, for a *Motor Sport* colour front cover picture, as the July issue would be out on the very day of the Investiture. With Rolls-Royce and Jaguar not being co-operative, we asked Aston Martin. They got a London dealer to dig out a DBS. It took the photographer and me to the camera-rendezvous in 4h 55m for the 271 miles, with averages of 60 mph in the open country. But the exhaust system decided to break up, which made me feel sick. I reflected that maybe I was incorrectly dressed for such a car (the innards of the silencer were by now rattling like trapped tin-cans) for Steve Heggie, the Managing Director of AM, had said that the thing was akin to a Savile Row suit and a Rolex Oyster – I was wearing a suit from the Row alright (rather crumpled) but had a Breitling watch on my wrist... But the pictures were rather nice and I recall going proudly to the local newsagent on the great day to see if the magazine was on display. 'Can you find me *Motor Sport*?' I asked the young woman assistant 'You will see something rather topical about the cover'. 'O yes', she replied, 'its always a green one.' The Castle and the AM had gone unnoticed... Which is why it would be so nice if Aston Martin (and Jaguar, and Bentley) still raced at Le Mans. But if you fancy an AM and cannot quite afford the V8, remember that a DB2 should be available for a good deal less! The things to watch out for on a used DB2 are water leaks and low oil-pressure from a badly-assembled engine, a possible cracked cylinder block, and excessive wear in the front suspension. 6

ETERNAL' ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb No. 25

Her breasts shape themselves to my hands.
Our lips mingle and sip and press.
I devour her neck of blazing whiteness
with unrestrained frenzy.

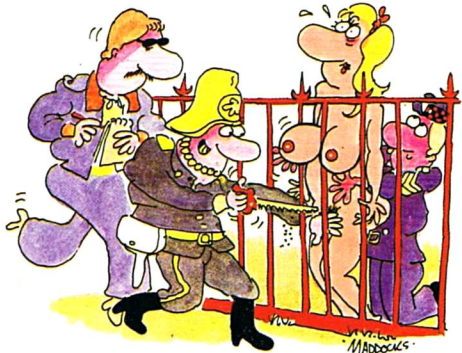
But I have still not had my whole
Aphrodite.
I still labour with a technical virgin
who refuses me her whole bed.

She's committed half of herself to randiness,
but the other half to Prudence
Respectability
Self preservation.

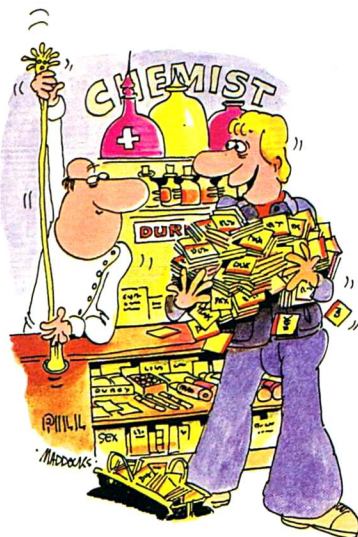
Between the two
I go drily out of my mind.

original by Paulos Silentiarios





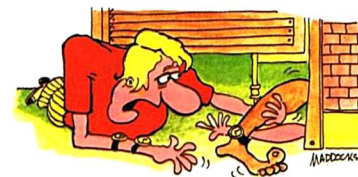
... whilst our Features Editor is always on the lookout for items of outstanding interest.



The Letters Editor frequently finds he has his hands full ...



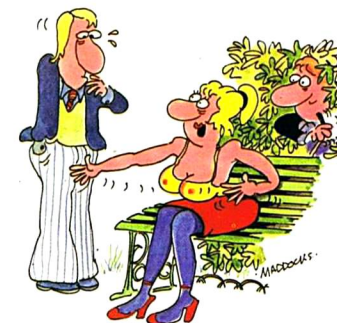
... and so is our Nightlife Critic. He keeps us informed of new places to eat out.



Our Production Editor has to ensure that schedules are rigidly adhered to ...



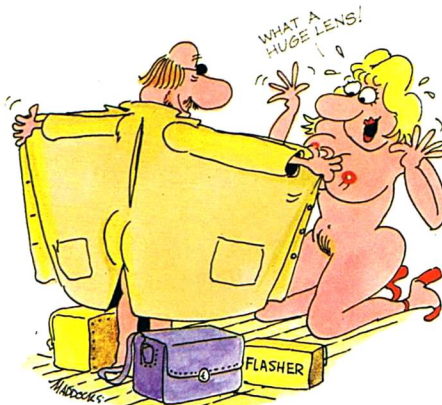
... which means that our cartoonists have to be quick on the draw.



The Fiction Editor is often confronted with tall stories ...



... and our Record Reviewer always has an ear open for new sounds.



Mayfair's photographers are a hard working crew ...



... whilst the Editor spends his time making dynamic executive decisions.



LESLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL SCOTT

Literary memories
of your youth perhaps
might take in 'The
Water Babies', that
Victorian weepie
by Charles Kingsley.

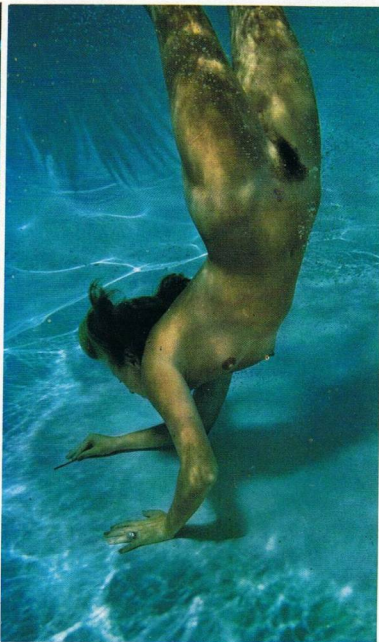


For all its sure
and undoubted merit
however, nobody
in the book strips off
and cavorts about
with quite the same
appeal as 19-
year-old Lesley Brook,
who hails from
Wakefield in Yorkshire.
You could call Lesley
a modern water baby—
skinny—dipping
at every available
opportunity and
never happier than
when immersed in
gallons of H₂O. 'For
me, swimming is
the sexiest thing out,'
maintains 34-23-34
Lesley. 'You feel all
liquid and languid



just floating there. I adore it.' These underwater photographs of Lesley capture all the grace and eroticism of her favourite hobby. 'And work too,' says Lesley, 'because during the summer I worked in a marina down on the Kent coast helping out my boyfriend. That was super – being near all that water. I was hardly ever out of it. It was especially good during that incredible heat-wave we had at the end of June. I thought I had the most enviable job in the country

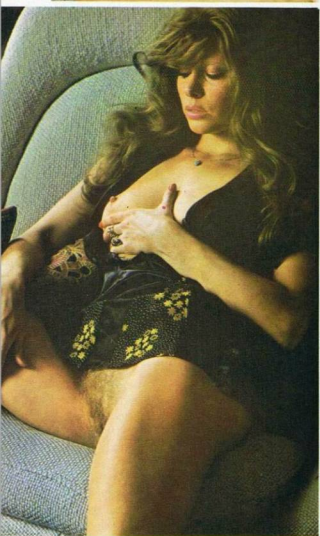
then, being able to cool off whenever I wanted to. I got as brown as a berry. Everyone believed I'd been off on some exotic foreign holiday, so I strung them along a bit – didn't want to disillusion them, you know. I was far browner than my friends who had actually been away. They got rather jealous. Can't say I blame them really. They'd spent pots of money and I'd got my tan for free.' Lesley grins. 'But it was fun when they went from brown to green!'

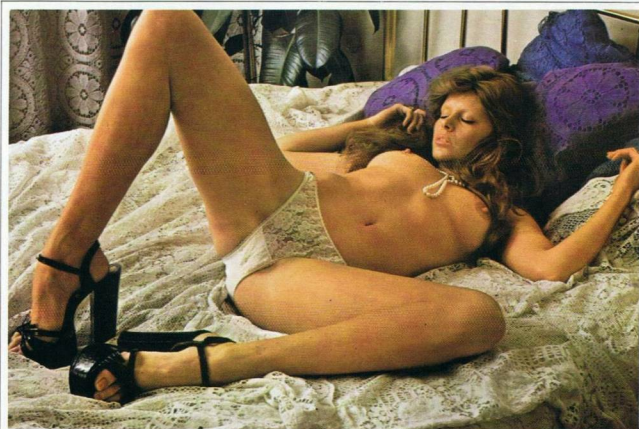


CAROLINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Should tall girls happen to be the particular joy of your life, 25-year-old Caroline Gordon should fit the bill somewhat more than adequately. The distance from the top of her leonine mass of hair to the tips of her daintily painted toes is 5 feet 10 inches — a height that's often accentuated by high heels and platform shoes. Legs that seem to go on for ever are left bare. Caroline eschews both stockings and tights





old school and all that rhubarb. Still, my boyfriends will doubtless be suitably appreciative. I seem to get them in pairs, one at home in the wild and woolly depths of Gloucestershire and another up in town where I work. I usually go home for the weekend, so it all dovetails in quite nicely.' Work for Caroline is for a financial consultancy in one of those steel-and-concrete towers in the City. Home during the week is a tiny

flat just off the New King's Road and at weekends a rather splendid edifice near Apperley. 'Not all that far from where the battle of Tewkesbury was fought in 1471,' she says brightly. 'Was that during the Civil War or the War of the Roses? I can never remember — I was useless at history.' She grins. 'But if you're a sexy lady, then who needs history? Not me for sure. I have *far* more interesting things to talk about with my dates!'





whenever possible. Why? 'Purely for sensuality,' she replies. 'I think tanned legs are extremely sexy on their own without any further embellishments. Tights are uncomfortable and restrictive and stockings are too fiddly, having to mess about with suspender belts. Those new Mary Quant crotchless tights are OK, they're a bit tarty, but sometimes a girl does get to feel that way, so they come in handy then. I usually just wear panties, though sometimes if I'm wearing a long dress, I don't even bother with them. I often got into trouble at school for leaving them off. I did once playing hockey and got a terrible wiggling. "Caroline, you're not wearing knickers" in a terribly shocked sort of voice as though it was tantamount to losing my virginity in the headmaster's study. Anyway, I hated school. I was always getting teased because of my height.' She laughs, her 37-24-36 sprawling back on the bed. 'If they could see me now they'd have a seizure. Nude modelling is definitely not a thing our old girls are renowned for. Bringing disgrace on the



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A small boy was walking home from school with the little girl from next door after a sex education lesson. The little girl asked if he had understood the lesson and whether he could explain to her what a penis was. However, he too, had not understood the talk, but agreed to find out at home and tell the girl the following day. That evening he met a firm rebuff from his mother when he asked what a penis was and was referred to his dad.

Believing that actions speak louder than words, his father took the boy into the bathroom and showed him his penis. The next morning as the boy and girl walked to school, the girl asked if he had found out the information she was so keen to obtain. Following his father's lead the boy pulled the girl behind the first hedge and took out his organ: 'See that,' he said, 'that is a dick. A penis is similar but two inches shorter.'

What do you call a bag of fannies? Clitoris allsorts.

A dear old lady went into an ironmonger's shop and asked for a thimble to be filled with bright red paint. The shopkeeper was puzzled but he obliged the old lady and made no charge.

A week later she was back, but this time asked for a thimbleful of bright blue paint. By now quite intrigued, the shopkeeper asked her why she kept coming in for such small quantities of paint. 'My son bought me a canary for my birthday,' explained the old lady, 'but I can't stand yellow. So I'm experimenting with different colours.'

The shopkeeper looked at her in horror. 'B-b-but you can't paint a canary,' he blustered, 'the poor little thing will die.'

'Nonsense,' replied the woman, and stalked off.

A few weeks later the shopkeeper happened to bump into the woman in the street, not having seen her in the interim.

'How's your canary?' he asked, and was not surprised when the woman told him that it was dead. 'I told you so,' he said. The old dear looked at him in scorn. 'It was nothing to do with the paint,' she explained, 'I think I over-did the stripping job with the blowlamp.'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

One lunch-break Kevin declined to play cards with his three mates at the factory. Knowing his normal penchant for card-playing, one of them approached Kevin and asked why he wouldn't play.

'I'm reading a most interesting book,' explained Kevin.

'Oh, what's it about?' asked his mate. 'It's about quick repartee, and how to become proficient at it.'

'What's quick repartee?'

'It's the art of coming back with a sharp and witty retort when someone is rude or critical to you.'

'Does the advice in the book really work in practice?'

'It worked for my brother,' said Kevin. 'How?'

'Well, my brother was at the circus one night, in the front row. A clown waddled over to him and asked if he'd ever been in the front end of a pantomime donkey. "No", said my brother. Then the clown asked if he had every played at being the back end of a pantomime donkey and again my brother said "No".

"Then", said the clown, laughing fit to burst, "you've been no end of an ass haven't you?" And with that the whole audience roared with laughter and my brother was very embarrassed at being made to look a fool. Then he remembered this book and he came back with a smart answer that turned the tables on the clown.'

'What did your brother say?'

'Well,' Kevin replied, 'my brother said to the clown, "Fuck off you red-nosed cunt!"'

The farmer and his daughter set out for market with their year's produce which they later sold for a handsome profit. Returning home through a particularly dark and thick wood they were set upon by thieves and robbed. The father was bemoaning his fate when his daughter told him: 'Don't worry, I saved the money by hiding it in my secret place.' 'Good girl,' said the farmer, 'still, it's a pity your mother wasn't here, we could have saved a sack of flour as well.'

A City stockbroker returned home early from the office one day and found his wife in bed with another man.

'What's the meaning of this?' he snorted.

'I've gone public, darling,' she replied.

A man walked into his golf club-house and noticed a friend, with a silk scarf around his neck, sitting in a corner. After buying two drinks he sauntered up to his friend, sat down and asked what had happened to his friend's neck.

In a very hoarse voice his friend replied: 'Well, I was out having my usual Saturday morning round and hit my ball into the rough. While searching for the ball I met a young lady who was searching for her ball in the same area.'

'But what's this to do with your neck?'

'I'm coming to that,' continued his friend. 'Finding mine, I thought I'd give the young lady a hand to find hers. There was a cow near-by, and I noticed that every time the cow twitched its tail, there was a flash of white. So, going over to it, I lifted its tail, and sure enough there was the ball. I called out to the young lady, saying "Lady, does this look like yours?", and she hit me in the neck with her number two iron.'

Said a pretty young woman of Croft, While amusing herself in the loft,

'A salami or wurst,

Is what I choose first -

Though with bologna I know I've been boffed.'

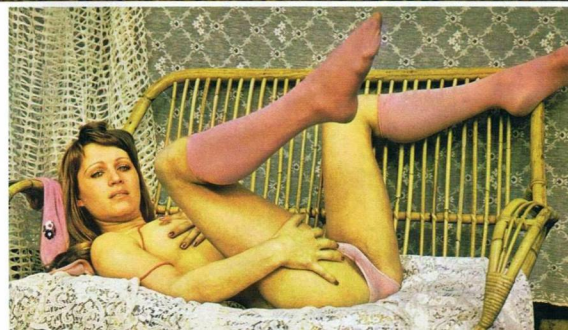
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

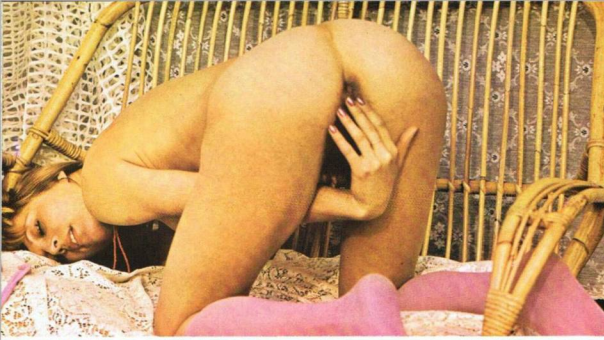
JEAN

Jean Tapelow stands 5 feet 8 inches in stocking feet, boasts a 34-24-34 figure, and drinks Newcastle Brown. When she's not supping ale, she's conducting a private, but vociferous campaign for an independent Tyne and Wear. 'People think I'm off my head,' she complains. 'The women more than the men, which is most depressing. Most of my boyfriends tend to humour me. But I think if devolution is going to be any use it has to go all the way - we're all fed up with big cities and massive, anonymous county authorities. It's time we learned to think small, to be human again.' Born 22 years ago not a stone's throw from Hexham in the shadow of the Roman Wall, Jean's own humanity and femininity is never in doubt. 'I don't deny the men up here think I'm a bit odd at times. They think someone my age



ought to be married or out having a good time. They don't believe me when I tell them I am having a good time!' Holidays notwithstanding, Jean has only strayed once from Geordieland – a brief spell in a London bedsit while she took down shorthand in the City. It lasted just eighteen months. 'I was only 19 and I didn't know my own mind at all, but I'm glad I went. It got me over all those starry-eyed visions of the big city which it's hard to avoid as a kid. It offers a great variety of things to do, of course, but there's nothing like the sense of community you find up here – the feeling of really belonging somewhere. I started getting terribly homesick. And that's when I first became aware of what we could lose so easily if we're not very careful.' Jean became political in the widest of senses. 'I just can't believe in parties,' she insists. 'I've a boyfriend who's a really strong Socialist and he keeps saying I must join his party, and I keep saying I'm not a Socialist I'm a Geordie. We've had some awful rows' – she grins – 'but I do enjoy a good argument!' Fortunately, though, not all Jean's relationships have been so stormy. 'I suppose I can be a bit domineering at times, but





I never really mean it. My best relationships have been with men who are tolerant enough to stand back and let me have my head. I like them all the better for that and I always come back. I'm basically a very loyal person. I hate to disappoint anyone.' A dangerous gleam appears in her eyes. 'Unless of course they disappoint me,' she grins. A clerk now in local government – 'I feel like a fifth columnist,' she says, 'but I enjoy the work' – Jean shares a small cottage on the banks of the Derwent. Her housemates are two men – 'strictly just friends. It's an ideal arrangement. I've often thought it would be nice to live with somebody, but I value my freedom a lot. This way I get the best of both worlds. All of us are free to bring back whoever we like and if there's an extra face at breakfast no one complains.' Meantime she plans to form a group of like-minded Geordies to push her views. With a girl like Jean in action we'd be wise to choose our first ambassador to Geordieland right now.





QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eight

Most men and women who read *Mayfair* are fascinated to know the motives and methods of glamour photography. Is a model nervous? Is the photographer sexually aroused? Does a girl become less inhibited in front of the camera? Most of all, though, does such photography sometimes lead to actual sexual intercourse? Quest talked to girls who had posed for glamour photographers, both professional and amateur, and also to a professional photographer. For obvious reasons of identification none of the interviews here relate to models or photographers who have worked for *Mayfair*. Their stories in this, the third in our series on the seducing camera make revealing reading, offering a unique insight into this aspect of photography.

INTRODUCTION

The photographer-model relationship in glamour photography is often misunderstood by the general public. Many girls who appear in front of the glamour photographer's camera – both professional and amateur – are at first unwilling to shed their clothes, no matter how tasteful the photographs are to be. Here the professional photographer, or the gifted amateur, takes over, using flattery, and reassurance, to put the subject at ease and make her more receptive to his ultimate aim, of taking nude pictures. And it is at this point also, that many girls discover a deep-rooted sexuality that only such a situation could bring to the surface. In our first interview a sexually potent situation arose when the interviewee asked a male colleague to take an ordinary portrait-type photograph for her.

Our second – male – interviewee describes his own technique for getting a girl to remove her knickers, which on two occasions actually led to sexual intercourse. The third interviewee took up nude modelling through a photographer boyfriend – out of curiosity as well as financial need – but became alarmed at the strength of sexual feeling that such activities released in herself.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Accounts supervisor, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Bognor Regis

This interviewee had emigrated to Canada with her family at the age of twelve. After leaving university however, she had returned to this country alone and joined her present employers – a large manufacturing concern. At the time of the interview she was single and sharing a flat with another girl.

Quest: Had you had much contact, sexual or otherwise, with Richard before this photographic session?

Supervisor: No, not at all. He was just someone I worked with. I even had a regular boyfriend, though admittedly that relationship was doomed.

Quest: Why was that?

Supervisor: The oldest of old reasons, he'd found another woman. Fool that I am, I really wanted to keep him, so we were having mad fights one moment and making up by screwing away like crazy the next. But there was one particular episode that really killed it all stone dead. It still makes me go hot and cold when I think about it.

Quest: It sounds fairly shattering.

Supervisor: It was. Believe me. We were still living together and he came home late one night, just before twelve. Naturally I had a go at him and accused him of seeing this other girl. He swore blind that he hadn't and we bubbled and boiled a while longer before starting to make up in our usual fashion. I don't quite know why, but sex always seems so much more exciting

when you're angry. I've asked girlfriends and nearly all of them reckon so too, so I can't be that unusual. I was lying on the sofa with my skirt up round my waist and my pants down round my ankles and he was tonguing me. He used to do it awfully well and it does amazing things to me. I started to feel all sort of warm and amorous towards him and slid down beside him on the floor. I wanted so badly to suck him; feel his penis in my mouth. It's all like a slow-motion replay. I can actually see myself unbuttoning his shirt and licking his chest and then slowly moving down and working him out of his trousers. He was lying there grinning and enjoying it and I was smiling up at him, eyes half-closed, while I played with his erection. Then when I went to kiss it, I saw something I don't think he intended me to see. A ring. A lipstick ring around his cock. I couldn't believe it. I remember wondering how it got there as it wasn't my shade, then I twigged that he'd been with this other girl. I ended up by running out of the flat. I couldn't take it. We made a couple of rather half-hearted attempts at reconciliation after that, but I don't think any relationship could have recovered from that sort of shock.

Quest: And it was at about this time that your photographic session with Richard took place?

Supervisor: More or less. When I left Canada and came back to England a couple of years ago, I'd promised to do the dutiful daughter bit and send my parents a photograph of myself, but what with one thing and another, I kept on getting side-tracked and never had one taken. Then I got this terribly reproachful letter from my Mum which made me feel so bad I decided I'd better get my finger out and do something about it. Richard edited our firm's house journal and always seemed to be dashing about photographing visiting big-wigs and the salesman of the month and things like that, so I asked him whether he'd mind taking a couple of shots of me.

Quest: What was his reaction?

Supervisor: He seemed quite pleased in fact. I gather that it was the first time that anyone had asked him to do shots of themselves. I explained to him what it was all in aid of and he said in that case he'd make an extra-special effort. He said it would make a change to photograph someone pretty instead of groups of balding businessmen with expense-account paunches.

Quest: Were you flattered by this?

Supervisor: Of course. Every girl likes to be complimented and in the kind of frame of mind I was in then, it made a nice change from all the aggravation I was going through with my miserable ratbag boyfriend Brian. Richard explained that although I could have the photographs done at work if I wanted, he'd rather do them after hours so we wouldn't have to rush them. He suggested coming to my flat, but as Brian was still around after a fashion, that didn't seem a particularly good idea, so when I told him of the situation, he said I'd be welcome to go round to his place.

Quest: So he knew that your relationship

with Brian wasn't exactly rosy. Do you think this might have established you as fair game in his eyes?

Supervisor: I don't honestly know. I suppose it could have done, but it wasn't something I thought about at the time. I mean he was quite fanciable, but I'd never regarded him as a potential boyfriend or lover.

Quest: And the session took place at his flat?

Supervisor: The following evening. After work I went home and changed. Brian was out, thank God, or we'd have probably had some vast scene with him wanting to know where I was going all tarted up. In my letters to my parents, I'd made out that I was doing a bit better than I actually was. I told them that I was leading a very glamorous life so I thought I'd better look pretty good in the photos to back up the story. I wore my very best party dress, which is absolutely gorgeous – what there is of it. It's this bright crimson halterneck; floor-length, but with a split seam on one side which practically goes up to my bottom. You can't wear tighties under it because they look dreadful, and I only wear stockings and suspenders if I'm feeling terribly vampish, which I wasn't, so I just had on a pair of pants. No bra of course. Not that I wear one very much anyway, but halternecks and bras just don't mix. I put my hair up and made-up my face and felt so pleased with the final result that I was just a bit sorry I was only going to be photographed instead of some super evening out on the town.

Quest: You must have made quite an impression on Richard?

Supervisor: It was quite funny actually, I hardly recognised him and he hardly recognised me. I just wear fairly ordinary dresses to work and have my hair down, and he's always terribly smart in a suit. I could hardly believe it when he opened the door. There was me dressed to the nines and he only had on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. Talk about role-reversal. He looked at me sort of quizzically and said, 'Helen?' and I replied 'Richard?' and we both stood gawping at each other for a couple of seconds. The main thing that struck me about him was how incredibly young he looked. I think suits tend to make men look older. I'd thought Richard was perhaps in his early thirties, but seeing him like that made me realise that in fact he wasn't that much older than me. And he did look so much, well, sexier dressed in jeans and T-shirt. Not that I had anything other than photographs in mind, you understand, but I was pleasantly surprised. He had a lovely flat too and was very proud of the fact that it was actually his. He'd done it up very well with all those furnishings and things you see advertised in the Sunday colour supplements – all chrome, cord and denim. It was very trendy, maybe even over-trendy, but compared with the rented heap I was living in with Brian, it seemed like Buckingham Palace. I told him how nice I thought it was and he replied that a beautiful girl deserved the best of locations, which I thought was rather sweet. After

he'd shown me round, we had a drink and then he sat me down in this high-backed swivel chair and started getting his camera ready.

Quest: Did he make, or attempt to make, any sort of pass at you?

Supervisor: Not at all. Sure he was telling me what angle to hold my head and arranging my dress so that it fell naturally without creases, but I wouldn't count that as a pass. Actually, the session lasted about five minutes. Once he'd satisfied himself as to the lighting and the way I looked, he just went snap, snap and said 'Right, I think that'll be fine.' I was expecting the full Lord Snowdon bit, you know, hundreds of rolls of film. I was a bit let-down in fact. All that effort getting ready for just five minutes work.

Quest: Did your disappointment show?

Supervisor: I said 'Is that all?' and he grinned and said, 'Well, you did just want a couple of portrait shots, didn't you, but seeing as I've got a 36-exposure roll it's a shame to waste it, so I'll zap off a few more.' So he shot a few more from a different angle and then he asked me if I would mind just undoing the straps of the halter. He said it rather spoiled the line of my neck.

Quest: What was your reaction to that?

Supervisor: I told him that if I undid the strap there'd be nothing to stop my boobs from falling out. He laughed and told me that I could hold the dress against me so nothing would show, and even if it did show, from what little he could see, I certainly had nothing up top to feel ashamed about. So I undid the straps and quickly huddled the dress around me. He took a couple of shots and then asked me to drop the front of the dress a bit lower. I said that I'd dropped it far enough already, but he insisted that a bit of material was still in frame, so we argued the toss for a minute or so until he said, 'Look, if you don't believe me, come and look at yourself through the viewfinder.' And I was halfway out of the chair before I realised he was teasing. He was trying hard not to laugh and not succeeding very well, and I was giggling a bit, so I said, 'Look, it's all very well you asking me this, but you can't very well take pictures of a topless lady into the chemists and ask them to develop them. They'd arrest you.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'ace lensman Richard has his own dark room. If you stop messing about, I'll have time to develop the offending articles and show them to you before you go home.' That rather stopped me in my tracks. I was torn between not wanting to show more than I was doing with a genuine desire to see what my figure looked like. Bit by bit I let my dress slip until my boobs were bare. Richard smiled and said what a lovely shape they were and asked me to just cup them in my hands and tweak the nipples a bit so they'd stand out.

Quest: Did you do that?

Supervisor: Reluctantly. I play with my nipples sometimes when I masturbate. It makes me come very quickly when it's done properly and I'm in the mood.

Quest: And were you in the mood?

Supervisor: Not just at that time, no. I was quite enjoying myself and thinking more of Brian than Richard. Brian used to play with my nipples gorgeously. He'd suck and nibble them for ages. I was thinking of that while I was doing it for Richard. Then he asked me to take my dress off completely. He said that it was lying round my waist and hiding my legs and that he knew I had nice legs because he'd seen me wearing short skirts at work, so would I mind just getting rid of it. I was thinking, 'Hang on, this guy's nearly got you down to the bare essentials,' but I did it. I was beginning my slow randy burn. I can feel when I start to get damp, and I was getting damp. I stood up and let the dress slide to the floor and looked at Richard and said, 'I suppose you'll eventually get around to asking me to take my pants off, so I'll save you the bother and take them off now.' Then I just slid them over my bottom and stepped out of them. I quite surprised myself actually. I felt, God, indescribable. I couldn't believe that I was standing bare-bottomed in front of someone who was a virtual stranger to me. I sat back down on the chair and asked him if he was going to take any more photos. He was very cool, I must give him credit. It was a sort of game, each of us seeing how far the other would go, because he told me he wanted me to dangle a leg over the arm of the chair and I did it. Very slowly, very deliberately exposing my pussy to him. 'OK,' he said, 'now put a hand there.' I smiled at him and said that he'd be asking me to feel myself next.

Quest: And did he?
Supervisor: He said, 'that's a good idea.' So I started to. I was so ready, I couldn't believe it. I slipped a finger in and gently rubbed my clit while all the time smiling to myself. Richard actually took a picture of me doing it, then looked at his camera and said, 'Oh dear, that's the last frame, what shall we do now?' I don't think I have any more film.' He had this machiavellian expression on his face, I can't think of another word to describe it. He came and knelt down beside the chair and cupped my boobs in his hands and started kneading them. Very slowly. I was really starting to get very far gone by this time and was moaning for him to do it to me, but he took his time, the bastard, kissing me with that same slow deliberation, running his tongue over my lips and my neck and my ears. I love being licked, I'm like a big cat, I just stretched back, it was so gorgeous. Then he started on my boobs, licking each one in turn and I could feel his hand creeping up my thigh towards my pussy. I was so hot I couldn't wait for it. I grabbed his hand and jammed it up against my fur and I felt him start to frig me. God, it was amazing, I came almost at once, he was still fully dressed kneeling beside me, licking me and frigging me at the same time. Then he took my hand and led me into the bedroom. He'd hardly said a word, just smiled at me when I came. He lay me down on the bed and quickly took his clothes off. I hadn't touched him at all and I wanted so badly to feel his cock. I wanted to give

back to him some of the pleasure that he'd given me. I practically devoured that big, fat beautiful cock of his. I don't think I've ever wanted it as badly as I did right then. I rolled him over on his back and then straddled him. I love doing it that way, I came again when I felt him hard and deep inside me and I was reaching behind to fondle his balls. He liked that. He kept grunting, 'God, you're fabulous. Come on, ride me, baby, do it to me, make me come, make me shoot it.' Talk about multiple orgasms, I was away, I could feel him squeezing my boobs really hard and bucking underneath me and then he groaned, 'Christ, I've come, I've come,' and I fell down on him as he came.
Quest: And the relationship has continued?
Supervisor: Yes it has, though our love-making has never quite reached the same intensity of that first time.
Quest: Thank you.

Two Professional photographer, 27 years old, town of origin London
This - male - interviewee had trained as an insurance salesman after leaving school but turned to photography full-time when freelance weekend earnings made it a viable proposition. He concentrated mainly on fashion assignments but was also making inroads into the glamour photography field. He lived in Hampstead.

Quest: How did you develop an interest in photography in the first place?
Photographer: How? That's difficult. I suppose that I always fancied myself as a bird-puller and in logical progression photography seemed the best business to be in . . . always plenty of girls who are willing, with a little coercion, to drop their knickers.

Quest: Isn't that a popular mis-conception?
Photographer: It's what the public believes.
Quest: What was your first experience with this, seducing camera?

Photographer: It was with my first girl-friend. I had taken her to a charity do at the Café Royal, Regent Street. She was wearing a long-dress - crocheted, if I recall, and you could see her nipples through the little holes in the material. She spent the night like that, little hints of pink bobbing up every now and again. I nearly blew my mind. I was 18 at the time and had just started my job as a trainee insurance salesman.

Quest: How did the evening progress?
Photographer: We danced for quite awhile and all the time she was getting stoned, you know, giggling and falling about. When she was dancing her tits were flying everywhere - she was quite big up top.

Quest: What effect did this have on you?
Photographer: Christ, I had a rod like a policeman's truncheon, and it was so obvious. We kissed quite a lot and I could not help it . . . grinding my cock into her.

Quest: In the middle of the dancefloor?
Photographer: Yes, actually. I just got carried away.

Quest: What happened then?
Photographer: She was quite smashed and I got a taxi to take me home. I told her I

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

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would drop her off at King's Cross to catch her train. I remember fondling her nipples in the cab. She rubbed the outside of my trousers but it didn't get much further than that in the cab.

Quest: That insinuates that it did go further later. Tell me.

Photographer: Well, she fell asleep in my arms . . . passed out I suppose, so I took her to my place. She was very upset when we arrived there, but soon calmed down, after I convinced her she was in no condition to take the train home.

Quest: Where were you living then?

Photographer: No, I wasn't at home, I had just moved into my own flat in Camden at that stage.

Quest: Go on.

Photographer: We kissed and cuddled a bit after she accepted the situation. French kissing. Then I put my hand on her tit. It didn't have much reaction so I thought I'd go a bit further . . . put it inside her dress. Well we fooled around like that for a while.

Quest: Was she getting excited?

Photographer: Her nipples were like the proverbial cherries.

Quest: I think we're digressing. How did it come about that you took pictures of her?

Photographer: I was coming to that. In the end we were both practically nude and all but humping.

Quest: Explain that.

Photographer: She still had her briefs on but she'd got me out.

Quest: Your penis?

Photographer: She had both hands around it and was jerking it backwards and forwards. Then she took it in her mouth and played with my balls until I thought I would explode. Then she stopped.

Quest: How did you take pictures of her?

Photographer: I mentioned that I had a new Polaroid camera and I asked if I could try it out. She said she didn't mind but that she wasn't going to be too rude.

Quest: What did that mean?

Photographer: She still had her knickers on. I thought that a bit strange after she'd practically gobbled me off. I suppose it meant that she wasn't going to show any pubes. It's one thing to have sex with someone, another to expose everything on film.

Quest: Tell me about this photo session.

Photographer: Session - that's the word.

Quest: Explain.

Photographer: Never phrase your question to invite an answer of 'no' - it was about the first thing we learned as budding insurance salesmen. So, with that in mind I launched into my spiel saying how beautiful she was. Besides, she was still quite high. I got out my Polaroid and we went to the bedroom. She seemed to be fascinated with the idea of me taking some nude photographs of her.

Quest: How raunchy were they?

Photographer: At first not very. Just tits - holding them, licking them - I told you they were big - but I kept on at her.

Quest: In what way?

Photographer: Oh, I said that she was the most desirable woman I'd ever seen - not that I'd seen many, mind you. 'Do you

think so,' she said. 'You're beautiful . . . what fabulous boobs you've got . . . come on take your knickers down, you've got nothing to worry about. You're beautiful . . . you've got a gorgeous body.' It seemed to work. She slid her knicks down and I took a couple of bum shots . . . you could just see the crack in her bottom. The trouble was, of course, that I had to do all the pulling the pictures out and waiting 60 seconds for each to develop. After a change of cartridge I got her to take her knicks right off. And I'm afraid I nearly got in the way of the lens.

Quest: Are you talking of your erection?

Photographer: Not half. I was bolt upright again.

Quest: Were you still nude?

Photographer: I'll say.

Quest: What effect did your erection have on her?

Photographer: We were both turned-on as Hell. It gradually got worse, or better, whichever way you look at it.

Quest: Did you have sexual intercourse?

Photographer: Did we? Ha! That's not the word for it. I've got the pictures somewhere to prove it . . . they're a bit blurry though.

Quest: Who made the first move?

Photographer: Once she'd removed her knicks it seemed the right thing to do. Natural. I went to pose her for a nice bottom shot, and I found myself rubbing my hands all over that tight beautifully rounded bum. She started squirming, arching her back. Then I moved my tongue down on those nipples and she started saying 'That's it, get me all excited.' I was doing my best. Then I slid my face down to her slit and she positioned herself so that she could take my cock in her mouth. She was so damp, and her squirming was more exciting than ever.

Quest: Were you attempting to take pictures while this was going on?

Photographer: No. I took the pictures when we were actually fucking. After she orgasmed, I got her on top of me with my legs in the air and myself just in. Then, I took a couple of shots like that. So you could just see a bit of me disappearing up her. But in the end the moment proved too much and after a couple of strokes I had come and I just didn't have enough energy to continue it. And we both flaked out. In the morning she went.

Quest: Did you repeat the experience?

Photographer: Not with her. I only saw her a couple of times after that. Besides, I decided that Polaroid shots weren't that good.

Quest: You told me earlier about Joanna. Would you mind repeating it?

Photographer: After my Polaroid days I got a good camera - a Pentax 1.4 Spotmatic - and did weddings and pictures for friends. It took off so much that I packed in my job and did photography full time. I put an advertisement in the local shop.

Quest: What did it read?

Photographer: Oh, something like, 'Girls Wanted For Glamour Work, ring . . .' I thought it best to let them know from the start what they were getting into.

Quest: And what success did you have?
Photographer: Two or three girls . . . out of about six who replied to the ad . . . and that was over six months mind you. Joanna was one of the girls. I wouldn't call her a scrubber exactly, though she wasn't really my cup of tea. A bit gormless. Had a nice body though. And she'd had the foresight to bring her own props with her. Knickers, suspender belt, and a nice little top. We went on location to a beautiful grand house I'd rented for the session. An expensive business I can tell you . . . I'd decided to try and make it good as it was one of the first sets I'd attempted. The sun was out for most of the time so the lighting was perfect. She seemed very confident and posed quite well with little direction from me. We started off by doing a few in Victorian undies, then I told her to take her top off.

Quest: And?

Photographer: I thought I'd be detached, but I couldn't. As she unbuttoned it and those tits flowed out I felt a real stirring. Which must have been obvious to her as she said something like 'I thought it wasn't supposed to affect you chaps.' So I replied that it usually didn't, that it must have been her. She took that as a sign that I fancied her when it was only that body that I fancied. I remember getting some really nice shots of her with her knickers pulled very tight up, almost disappearing up her crack. After a time it became obvious through a damp patch on them that she was really getting excited. I told her to lie down on the settee and put her thumbs in the front of her knickers as if she were taking them off. I took a roll or so of variations on that theme then told her to make as though she were touching herself - putting her whole hand down there. She balked at this but agreed in the end.

Quest: How did you get her to agree?

Photographer: Subtly. I just told her that she was so gorgeous and had such a lovely body that if any men saw the pictures they would have fantasies about what she was doing under her knickers.

Quest: Did it stop there?

Photographer: No. I could see movement under her knickers. It was incredible . . . so blatant and unexpected, though I suppose - and this proves it - that some girls are like that . . . open sexually.

Quest: Was she masturbating?

Photographer: I suppose she was. She could have had ants in her pants though. No, seriously. She said 'I can't stand it any longer. Come here and do me.' So I put my camera down and went over to her. She unbuckled my jeans and just pulled him out and started rubbing her hands up and down it. Funny, I've never yet found a girl who can jerk me off the way I like it and do it myself. I slipped my hand under her knickers and eased them down. She kicked them off and I buried my head in her fanny.

Quest: While she was masturbating you?

Photographer: Yes. She mustn't have had it for so long. She was shouting at me.

Quest: What was she saying?

Photographer: Do you want the precise words?

Quest: Yes. If you can possibly remember them.

Photographer: 'On top. On top. Get on top.' I did a 180 degree turn, threw off my jeans which were round my ankles anyway and she grabbed my prick and guided it in. She needn't have bothered because she was so wet I would have just slid in anyway. 'Jesus, you're big,' she was saying. 'Hard up. Oh fill me, fill me. For God's sake fuck me.' It did something to me, I humped away. Long deep strokes . . . right up . . . until she arched up and quivered. Then out, slowly, right till only my knob end was in. Then in again pushing right hard up, until she squealed and it started all over again. Well it only took about 15 strokes and I was near shooting. She must have sensed it – or maybe I said I was coming – anyway she stopped, got my cock out and squeezed it round the tip. It went limp, but a minute or so later I was rampant and once more in there thrusting. She had a quite insatiable appetite. She got more and more excited, even to the stage that I thought she'd pass out. All the time telling me to fuck her. Finally, I could tell that she was reaching a crescendo, tossing her head from side to side, moaning and screaming with every thrust into her. Then she dug her claws right into my back, pulled me to her and her body shook all over. I continued thrusting for a couple of strokes and eventually I came. The best fuck I've had.

Quest: Are you so easily aroused today by seeing a naked model?

Photographer: No. With more experience I've learned to be very discriminating. Though I do try it on if I have a very attractive model, one I fancy like Hell.

Quest: From our experience, it's very easy to touch girls when you're posing them . . . to touch their nipples or pubes. Do you take advantage of the photographer's favoured position to do the same?

Photographer: Oh yes, if I'm feeling like it, I'll go over to a model and say 'here get your nipples to stand up. Let me rub them' stuff like that. Sometimes it works, sometimes not. The most difficult thing is to get them, especially the shy ones, shedding their clothes in the first place. Here, I think it helps if you're blessed with a silver tongue . . . you know, have the gift of the gab. It's an old adage in the photography game that the way to a woman's cunt, lies in the mouth of the beholder.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three Public Relations Consultant, 23 years of age, brunette, town of origin Dover

This interviewee had spent three years at university before settling up home with her boyfriend with whom she lived for two years.

After the break-up of the relationship she had taken a variety of jobs before settling in her present one. She now lived with her fiancé.

Quest: Why did you take up modelling?

Consultant: Because John – the man I was living with – sent in a picture of me to a magazine. Not yours.

Quest: He'd taken nude photographs of you?

Consultant: He did once – he got a camera for a Christmas present. I didn't think he

was going to show them to anyone else.

Quest: But you didn't mind him taking the pictures?

Consultant: Not at the time, no.

Quest: Did you have sex while you were taking the pictures—or soon after?

Consultant: Well, yes, we did. John got terribly excited.

Quest: How outrageous were they?

Consultant: Oh not terribly outrageous. They were just playing about; I didn't have my legs wide apart – that would have been just crude.

Quest: But the pictures you had taken professionally were very different?

Consultant: Not very different, but they weren't the same. They were for a definite market.

Quest: Where you were required to open your legs to the camera?

Consultant: That was part of it, yes.

Quest: How did that come about?

Consultant: I told you, John sent in the pictures without telling me, and this terribly earnest man rang me at home one day – I thought it was an obscene phone call at first, and then a friend playing a practical joke, and then I got quite angry when I realised it really had been John. I said I just wasn't interested, it was an awful mistake, but the man made me repeat his phone number and the name of the magazine, which I did remember. That was just before John and I broke up, and I had a very unsettled period for a while – I really didn't know what I wanted, what I was doing. Nothing made very much sense. I really was quite corrupt, I was a terribly easy lay. It's very hard to say no when you've got no reason not to, and you find the man attractive, of course. And I did get very short of money, so I remembered the name of the magazine and rang them up. I'm sure they didn't even remember who I was because they asked me to send a photograph to this photographer and he eventually rang me up. It seemed to take ages but I suppose it was only about a fortnight altogether.

Quest: This was Andy?

Consultant: He was terribly nice, very chatty and ordinary. I'd expected someone much sleazier, but Andy was quite fanciable. I liked him. And he made me feel at ease almost from the start. I think I might have stopped it if he hadn't.

Quest: How many photographic sessions did you have?

Consultant: Only the one, at that time. I only did three altogether. I was the most nervous the first time. Andy was perfectly at ease throughout the whole thing. It was only me, I was quite shy about my body.

Quest: Did that last?

Consultant: Not really. I knew it was silly, I'd agreed to be there after all. Andy insisted I take everything off at once and then he just let me walk about for a while – we didn't really take many pictures for the first ten minutes or so. He helped a lot, he made it seem so matter-of-fact.

Quest: How did he help?

Consultant: I don't remember exactly. He was quite flattering, I suppose, but in a practical sort of way. He'd say, 'You've

got a really nice pair of boobs, we can make them look really superb.' He wanted me to make my nipples stand up because I do have fairly large ones and it's better if you look excited.

Quest: Were you?

Consultant: I don't know, I know that sounds silly. It was enormous fun and quite daring. I was aware of that.

Quest: But you did have sex with Andy?

Consultant: Oh that was unfair. I thought you'd let me build up to that.

Quest: It is true, though?

Consultant: In so many words it's true, but I didn't just strip off and open my legs and let him bang me.

Quest: I know you didn't. But did you think of having sex before you went?

Consultant: I didn't go to have sex. I suppose I realised there was a chance I might get turned on. I don't know.

Quest: How did it happen with Andy?

Consultant: I think I talked myself into it. Honestly. We did a lot of shots on the bed, and I just sprawled there – I couldn't imagine much of it looking desperately sexy, but Andy seemed quite pleased.

Quest: With your legs open?

Consultant: Not particularly. Andy wanted me to hold my boobs – which always struck me as a bit silly, because I never do that and I don't know anyone who does. Then he wanted to lie on my stomach and he started telling what a fabulous arse I had, really cheeky, he said, and he wanted me to push it out at him and arch my back and spread my legs a bit more, and I was so busy doing this it didn't occur to me for a long while that I must have been showing absolutely everything.

Quest: What else did Andy want?

Consultant: He got me to push my hand down into my pants and then gradually squeeze them down, and finally he said, 'OK, you might as well get them right off now,' which I did. And then he wanted me to lie on the end of the bed with my legs drawn right back and as wide apart as I could get them.

Quest: And you did that?

Consultant: Well, he obviously saw I was uneasy because he said, 'Don't worry, it's fine.' And I said, 'Are you sure you can show things like this?' And he said, 'You don't want to worry about your pink and friendlies.' I thought that was terribly sweet. And he was so matter-of-fact. He said, 'You look beautiful. You've really got something to look at. So many girls are just a tiny little slit there. You've got something to be proud of. Let me see it.' I think I laughed. No one had ever flattered that part of me before. And Andy laughed too. And he kept talking about it. He said, 'They're nice and thick – that's lovely.' Then he told me to put my hand down again, and he said, 'Don't mind if you're a bit damp. It's natural.' And I was! I could feel myself quite swollen, but Andy didn't stop. He said, 'Just brush your fingers across – you don't have to touch yourself. Just let them drift. That's beautiful!' And then my heart gave a jump and I shivered and I knew I was turned on and Andy said, 'Great, great!' and bent closer and kept on

snapping, and my heart was starting to pound and I was saying, 'Oh Andy . . .' I thought I'd go berserk and I reached out my hand to him and he suddenly swore and jumped back and I didn't know what had happened. And he said, 'You nearly knocked the camera out of my hand!' I started to say, 'I'm sorry, I really am –' And then I felt awful and silly because all he'd been doing was taking pictures and I'd messed it up for him. And I flopped over on my tummy, feeling nearly sick and grabbed around for a sheet to pull over me, but the coverlet wouldn't move and I almost burst out crying. And Andy started saying, 'Are you alright now? Are you better?' And then I got angry and told him, 'Yes I'm fine,' but the next thing I knew he'd dropped onto the bed, but I didn't look at him and then I felt silly again because of that, because he didn't owe me anything. It was just me making a fool of myself. And then he was whispering, 'But you were superb. I've never seen anyone better,' and I twisted round suddenly and he was lying beside me and his shirt was unbuttoned and he reached out his hand and began to stroke my cheek very gently. And I let him, and he leaned over me very close and kissed me on the forehead and then very lightly on the lips and suddenly that was that.

Quest: You made love?

Consultant: Very well, which doesn't often happen a first time like that. He was very very gentle and slow. I remember helping him to slide down his jeans and his pants and he came into me very smoothly and superbly actually, as if it was all one movement. And we just rocked together, very quietly and easily, until I could feel it building up inside me again and I just couldn't keep still, and then he got faster and faster and faster till I couldn't believe it and just groaned and really squeezed him with my legs and I came. It was much much better than it should have been, I'm sure. I'm never very good with casual things like that.

Quest: And the relationship didn't end there?

Consultant: No, I went out with Andy for nearly two months, and it was always nice; but it never became more than very friendly. I'm sure he slept with other people at the same time. I suppose he had so much to choose from.

Quest: You broke it off?

Consultant: If anyone did, yes. It just fell apart, especially after the last session.

Quest: Tell me about that.

Consultant: That was an orgy; it really was. It was quite incredible. Andy had the idea of doing some pictures with two girls and a man. The man was supposed to be waiting for a bus behind a girl, and he starts feeling her up and then stripping her – it was total fantasy, it really was – and they start doing it. Then another girl joins the queue and she strips off and gets involved and it all turns into a great gang bang. But Andy wanted me to be one of the girls. He'd sold the idea in advance apparently and had gone to great expense and hired a studio and it was all set up.

Quest: What did Andy ask you to do?

Consultant: First I had to be the girl waiting at the bus stop. I had to wear a long coat over a blouse and a very short skirt and knee-length boots. Then the fellow came along and we grinned at each other. He had on jeans and a tee-shirt, I think. Then he was supposed to slip his hand in the front of my blouse. That was so odd. Andy couldn't decide what we should see and kept moving round and I was just standing there with this strange man's hand on my left boob. Then I had to take off my bra and my pants and sort of stand over him in my white stockings and a very uncomfortable suspender belt. And then Andy got the fellow to take off his jeans and his Y-fronts, and we embraced sort of at a distance so the camera could see. It was all very strange. That was about the most erotic thing we did.

Quest: You looked at him?

Consultant: I had to. Actually I did think he might be some sort of superstud but he looked very ordinary to me. It was all very professional, completely different from the first session I'd had. I really just stood around. The other girl did all the interesting stuff.

Quest: What exactly?

Consultant: She first appeared in a raincoat, sort of looking on disbelievably. Then she stripped off straightaway and Andy got her kneeling in front of the man stroking his thighs while I stood behind them. Then she was bending right over him as if she was taking him into her mouth. After that she was leaning against the bus stop sign while the man stood behind her holding her thighs and pulling them to him – I thought that was terrific – it looked tremendously erotic, at least from where I was standing, which was more or less behind them. I thought the fellow was marvellous, the way he did everything Andy asked.

Quest: Not the girl?

Consultant: Well, she was certainly having a ball.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Consultant: From her expression, from the way she was; she obviously got a big kick out of being seen there like that.

Quest: And touching the man?

Consultant: Oh yes. That was part of it anyway. She never objected to anything Andy asked.

Quest: How was the man reacting?

Consultant: That was when he did get a bit excited. I suppose it's alright pretending to touch someone but it's different when you actually do. In fact the atmosphere changed about then. It really did get a bit steamy, and Andy didn't do anything to stop it, when he could have done.

Quest: What did he do?

Consultant: He kept them going. He had the girl lying on the floor with her legs wide apart and one knee up and the man lying beside her stroking the inside of her thigh. I was supposed to straddle them in the background, and I could see her tremble when his hand touched her. And Andy moved closer and told him to move his hand further up her thigh and then further

until he was practically fingering her. And she was shifting around on her bottom and gave a great snort suddenly and I said, 'Andy!' and he said, 'OK, short breather' and finished it. And then I saw the fellow was excited too. I mean, he wasn't erect, but he was sticking out fairly obviously. And Andy wasn't exactly sympathetic. He just said, 'You'll have to get rid of that. Wait a bit.' It must have been so embarrassing for him. Then Andy started them again almost immediately, and when he explained what he wanted I saw the fellow blanch. I felt quite sorry for him.

Quest: Why?

Consultant: Andy had the girl stretched out over a dustbin with her head on the floor and the fellow right between her legs – her legs were supposed to be wrapped round him. I stood over the girl cradling the fellow's head between my boobs – in fact I was really helping to support him. They were all but screwing in that position. Then Andy got the fellow to gently rock backwards and forwards – he was really sweating – and we kept on – and Andy was saying, 'Just another minute, just hang on' – and I could hear the girl panting – she had the whole weight of the man rubbing on her crotch – it must have been incredibly on-turning. I was turned on just holding them. And then suddenly she gave a squeal and I called, 'Andy!' but he shouted, 'Leave them! Leave them alone!' and kept on shooting. And the bloke was panting like a horse, and I leaned back and they were at it – I could see his erection and I said, 'Oh Andy –' But he said, 'Squat down, bend over, her face –' And he wouldn't stop shooting, so I did and he was shouting, 'Come on, love, lift your head, lick her, lick her from below!' And I felt the girl's breath on my bottom and something darted right into my pubes and my breath went and I remember thinking, 'This cannot be happening!' And then the man groaned very loudly and the girl gasped and they both just slumped, and I dropped forward onto his back and we were all absolutely bathed in sweat, just a panting heap. It really was an orgy. My first orgy.

Quest: Can you tell me what happened afterwards?

Consultant: Everyone got dressed and went off a bit sheepishly. Andy was pleased as punch, of course; and in fact there was a lot of trouble later because the fellow was married and wanted the pictures killed, but it was too late – Andy had sold them to America by then.

Quest: What about you?

Consultant: It was an incredible experience, which I don't actually want to repeat. I got the idea that Andy would have done literally anything to get a good picture and that seemed to me wrong. Not immediately, but when I thought about it. And we gradually broke up. I didn't do any more sessions. I was a bit worried too that I'd find it too easy to get involved in that kind of thing – and there was going to be a permanent record left. I don't regret it. It was just an experience.

Quest: Thank you.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Your article on that famous practical joker, de Vere Cole (Vol 11 No 5), was most interesting – especially as I sold my house in Barnes, London, to his son, a BBC Television producer with the splendidly euphonious name of Tristan Hilarius John de Vere Cole. (The Hilarius, one feels, must have been one of his father's many jokes).

Tristan told me that his father did indeed dig up Piccadilly. However, an Oxford man went one better. One must admit though, that the Cambridge excavation involved some capital outlay, a great deal of sheer hard work, and some risk. A few weeks after the incident, an Oxford undergraduate was having a pint in a pub in the High Street. He observed a gang of tough Irish navvies digging a perfectly legal and official hole across the High. Immediately, he telephoned the police. 'There's a gang of undergraduates, dressed as navvies,' he told them, 'and they're digging a hole in the High, near the Mitre.'

While the police, memories of the Cambridge exploit still fresh in their minds, were busy collecting the heavy mob, the Oxford man sauntered across the High and addressed the navvies.

'There's a gang of Oxford undergraduates,' he told them,

'dressed up as policemen. They're going to arrest you, put you in a Black Maria, drive you miles out of Oxford, and dump you there.'

Amid the heartfelt thanks of the Irish navvies, he strolled back to the pub, and from a ringside seat watched the splendid battle which ensued between the Oxford City Police and the sons of Erin.

I submit, sir, that this proves, for all time, the intellectual superiority of Oxford over Oxonian.

I'm writing this letter in the midst of this incredible July heat wave. Beaches, swimming pools and river-banks are thronged with bodies, young and old. What a pity that certain parts of those bodies cannot receive the full benefits of cool water and healthy sun just because bathing suits have to be worn. In these times, bikinis have been reduced to the tiniest, so isn't it time they were dispensed with altogether? To bathe completely naked is an added refresher as all who have done so will testify.

I suggest three steps which could be taken to make nude bathing an accepted thing. (1) Beaches could be set aside for nude bathers. (2) Swimming pools – both indoor and outdoor – could have periods

reserved for nude bathers. (3) Schools should insist that only birthday suits, not swimming suits, should be worn. If this point in particular were adopted, it would surely, in future generations, remove once and for all the taboos surrounding the naked body.

If these suggestions really caught on, then perhaps the world would see beautiful young men and women swimming in the Olympics without a stitch on – as a result of being untroubled by a bathing suit, they would set many new records.

F C, Oxford

It will interest you to know that such days may not be too far away. The East German girls' Olympic swimming team made requests to be allowed to swim nude at Montreal.

The hot weather of recent times certainly does strange things to people.

I was driving home across Waterloo bridge and the traffic was barely crawling along owing to one of the lanes being closed due to roadworks. Up ahead of me I noticed a middle-aged couple; from their dress I would say they were American. As they walked along, a sudden blast of wind whirled by and caught the woman's dress, sending it

billowing skywards in true Marilyn Monroe-fashion and showing all and sundry a surprisingly neat bare arse. And the woman was so untroubled that she only gave it a swift brush with her hand to bring it down, and carried on as if nothing had happened.

I think it quite significant that here was a woman who was so affected by the heat that she had no hesitation in going knickerless.

It made me wonder if the beavies of curvaceous cuties which wander our streets at lunch-time cut down on undergarments as they seem to do with top-garments.

P C, Clapham, London

David Barnes, whose letter appears in Vol 11 No 7, may be interested to know that I have collected a similar 'Durex' brick to the one pictured with his letter, though mine is of the square ended variety.

My specimen, if you'll pardon the language, was found at the side of the road near Stevenage – perhaps the only Durex-lined lane in existence. It probably came from a gent's toilet, since one side is faced with the sort of porcelain that one points Percy at. I suppose, though, one could use it for the brick method of contraception – it only hurts if you get your thumbs in the way.

P Mellor, Hitchin, Herts

The Durex brick found by reader David Barnes of Erith is genuine. I had a similar brick on my desk and used it as a paper-weight for some years, although it has recently disappeared.

Meanwhile, Durex is an excellent way of cementing relationships and the protective remains amongst the most widely used contraceptives in the world, being simple, highly effective, totally free from side-effects, and requiring no medical supervision.

If David Barnes still has his Durex brick, I would be prepared to swap it for a selection of the latest Durex products.

E C Corderoy, Marketing Service Manager, L R Industries Ltd, London E4

L R Industries Ltd, just happen to make Durex.

After reading Vol 11 No 7 and the letter from J S B I decided to write to you. Like her, I've

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had an affair with a younger man. It happened some two-and-a-half years ago. I was 33 then and he was 22; my sex life with my husband had been very limited and was boring. Then one evening we went to a very large party and I danced with this young boy, Alan. He was a bit drunk but within ten minutes he made my legs turn to water and asked if he could go to bed with me. I was very flattered and in the end I agreed. We exchanged telephone numbers and I told him I'd let him know when.

The following weekend my husband was away with the TAVR and so I told Alan to come over. We were in bed within half-an-hour of his arrival at nine o'clock at night and he left at four the next morning, exhausted, and with me feeling like a woman once more. He taught me more than I taught him and it was the first of many nights together.

Over the last two-and-a-half years Alan has made me more

of a woman, more sexy and shown me a new enjoyment in life. Alan made me do things, like letting him ejaculate in my mouth, and swallowing his semen. Before, I occasionally sucked my husband, but only to get him hard – now I do it to both of them.

One evening Alan phoned me and told me to meet him. I was to wear only boots and an overcoat. He took me to a small pub and had me sitting with my back to everyone but him, with my coat open. Another time we went back to his flat and two other couples were there and we had a group session. This turned out to be great fun and I was introduced to mutual oral sex with the other two girls and I found that I liked it.

I don't regret what I've done, nor should my husband, if he ever found out, for he's gained a much sexier wife.

(Name and address withheld)

Your correspondent, R B of St Albans, Herts, enquires in Vol 11 No 7 whether husbands keep a record of their sexual activities. The answer is 'yes.' Despite Mr B's bad grammar,

so wittily pointed out in the editorial comment, he is, in fact, claiming that he has had sex on 486 occasions in his three years of marriage.

As a rule, I would like to offer the following calculations to him and other readers in the hope that they might stimulate more correspondence on this interesting subject.

There are approximately 1100 days in three years, and during that time a woman has 39 periods of about a week each (273 days). This leaves 830 days and nights for normal poking, plus those 273 days for fellatio, back-scuttling and ordinary masturbation.

As a young newly-wed – normally two-or-three-times-a-nighters they are – one would have thought that R B's 486 fuckings could hardly be a record. At peak efficiency 1400 should be quite possible.

May we have any advance on 486 from other readers? Meanwhile, carry-on the good work Mr and Mrs R B.

G C, nr Hertford, Herts

I write in praise of Parks (Vol 11 No 6), but first a few introductory remarks which

may embellish what I write. I regularly buy Mayfair because your girls – and photographers who pose them – are the best, in a class by themselves. Even though the girls are not all exactly to my specification, there's something fresh and clean about them all. They are sexy without being lewd; they don't mind allowing all the parts of their bodies to be seen, but at the same time they don't depend on a thrushful display of their genitals for their attractiveness. I like the work of your photographers because they, like your girls, go out for a picture that is lovely and captures the most alluring features of a girl's body without saying 'look, this is a cunt.'

At the age of 62 I have taken many thousands of photographs of girls both clothed and naked, and other things, but I have never known a publication that could contrive, as you do, to find the captivating girls and present them in such an enchanting way.

Now about Parks. If I were Doctor Doolittle I would have

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The Winston flavor is real flavor

FLAVOR RICH BLEND

WINSTON

A PRODUCT OF GALLAHUE LTD. A SUBSIDIARY OF AMERICAN BRANDS INC.

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

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created a girl exactly like her. My problem would have been that my imagination would not have been good enough to conjure up such a perfect creature. I would have failed; I am glad that nature hasn't. Her picture on page 76 is a true work of art. Her smile is mischievous, amused and amusing. Her breasts are darlings, and are set off by the little freckles - neatly placed at the side, and the photographer's clever use of shadowed whorls from the lace curtains on her ribs. Her pussy fur, glistening in the light, emphasises her sexiness, without flaunting it; and her stockings lend an air of naughtiness but not wickedness.

That is only the beginning, because each of the other pictures of her has something more to tell us about her loveliness - her firm little bottom, erect nipples, kissable nose and mouth, warm rounded thighs. I must be only one among thousands who have fallen in love with her. I shall never meet her, but please give her my love.
J G, Bristol

Consider it given, J G

I have recently purchased a new property and duly received a rate demand with an accompanying leaflet 'details of rate in the pound'. I was most shocked to see that my local council is to spend £1,670,600 this year on 'Parks and other recreational and environmental services'. Could this be the same Parks who appeared in Vol 11 No 6? J J, Carshalton, Surrey

We at Eton feel that the time has come, to tell you that your magazine is rapidly decreasing in popularity here because of the lack of sexual appeal. It contains next to no erotic pictures, and some of the stories are just ridiculously unbelievable.

We also feel that you should do as many of the other magazines have done, and relax your censorship. In an edition I bought three months ago, most of the girls had been photographed so that their pussies (sic) were showing. Someone had unsubtly put a clump of dots

over the offending parts which only excentuated (sic) the fact. R E, Eton College, Windsor

With spelling standards like that, are you sure you're writing from Eton?

I thought you would like to know how popular your magazine is on the ocean waves. The popular idea of Jolly Jack with a girl in every port has long since proved a fallacy, at least as far as tankers are concerned. If it were not for *Mayfair* the probability is that Jolly Jack in a tanker would be so long at sea between ports he would forget what it is for. Anyway, I hope you may like to publish this little poem I wrote while plying the ship-lanes between Korea and the Arabian Gulf. Here goes:

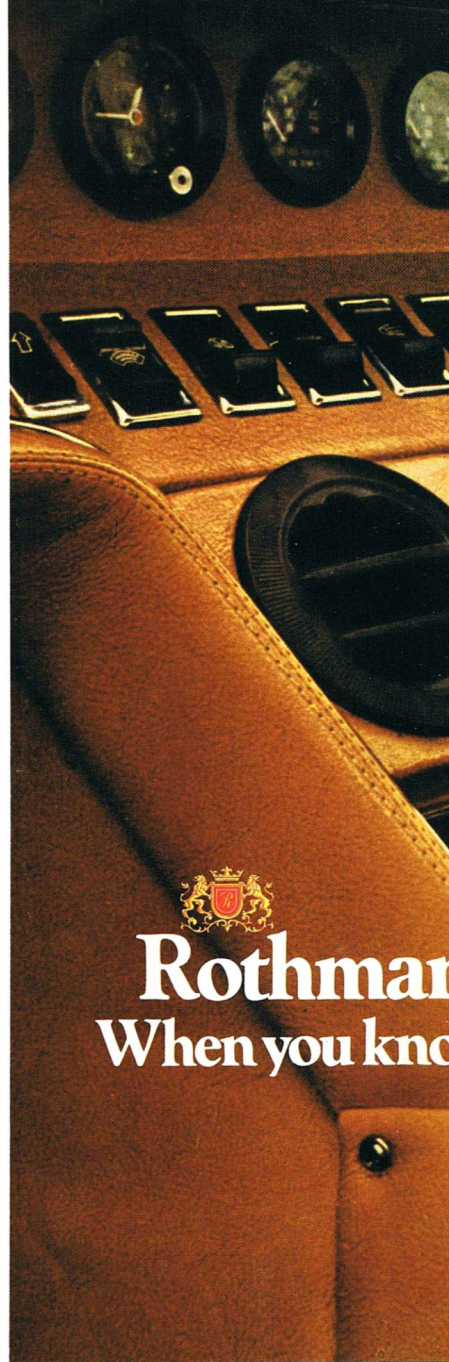
Ocean Promotion
It's not that he minds the rolling deep,
Or the beds designed to prohibit sleep,
Or the way the *Mayfairs* end up in a heap,
In the cabins of dirty old men.
It's not that he craves for feminine sounds,
Or deplores that there's some with reputable grounds,
For hiding the *Mayfairs* on Saturday rounds,
From the clutches of dirty old men.

It's not that his urges are other than par,
Or excessive libido makes Turkling a Tar
In the absence of *Mayfair* preferred by far
To the attentions of dirty old men.
It's just that his wife has written 'Dear John,
You can stick to your *Mayfair* as from now on
Your promotion to Captain has proved that you've moved,
From my Mate to a Dirty Old Man.'

C E, c/o P&O Bulk Shipping, Division, London EC3

Being a normal fun-loving girl, I just have to tell you of the ways my boyfriend has found of heightening my sexual pleasure. We were in bed at his house one night and while I was reading a copy of *Mayfair*, he was touching me in the usual way - first fondling, kissing and licking my breasts and then frigging me at the same time.

Suddenly I felt something bigger and colder than his fingers
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Rothman
When you know

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poking at me... it was a rather large dildo of sorts. I asked him to stop but he took no notice and gradually moved his head to my pubes, kissing me all the way down. This had the desired effect and soon I was arching my back and thrusting at him, urging him to carry on even more. His head came back to my breasts and he took my right hand and placed the dildo in it, telling me that it was also a vibrator - something I had wanted to try but had been afraid of at the same time. He told me to keep reading and to masturbate, which I found most on-turning. (I had often masturbated while he watched, but not like that before.)

He switched it on for me and as it purred into action I was away. I started by rubbing it over my nipples which made them stand up like two little statues. Then as I moved it downwards over my belly I realised something strange was happening. I looked down to see my boyfriend with one of the longest pricks I have seen.

I put down the magazine and watched him as he was watching me. The vibrator was now on my clitty and sending me wild. I moved it down a fraction more and started to insert it - it was heaven, better than anything I had experienced before.

As I pushed it in I moved my other hand down to stroke my clitty. Steve, that's my boyfriend, was wild by now, really going strong. We continued in similar fashion for a minute or so, and then he tied me to the bed with some string and removed the still-pulsating vibrator from my slit.

We then got into the 69 position and the orgasms were not very far behind. Afterwards, we made proper love for what seemed ages and then fell asleep, or at least Steve did - I wanted another go with my new toy. What a fantastic thing a vibrator is - I'd be lost without mine now.

PS: I used it just before writing - to give me the courage. (Name and address withheld)

Mayfair is the greatest, but there's one aspect of sex which you, or any other men's maga-

zine for that matter, haven't touched on - sex for the disabled.

Many people will believe it disgusting for a disabled man to even think of sex. Being disabled myself I know that it's a perfectly natural thing to think of. But think about it is all I can do. What else can I do when I'm dependant on nursing staff for more or less everything?

There are very few people who are interested in, let alone understand, the problems of a disabled person and, perhaps, this letter will make people realise that disabled men and women do have the same emotional and physical feelings of able-bodied persons.

It's a difficult situation to be in. Able-bodied people have sex clinics and the like, where they can go and where, with a little advice, they can sort things out: the only advice I've received is 'your time will come.' And believe me, I've met some very beautiful girls in my 22 years, but they've just not wanted to know, or they've been married or engaged.

I've been told there are girls who wave their handbags at

you down the alleys, but there again, I haven't come across them yet. So it looks as though I'll have to wait still longer for what most youths get by the time they're 18 or 20.

John Cook, Sutton Coldfield

This is to thank *Mayfair* for making my sex life with my wife a great deal more open and enjoyable. Before I was married I had a very active sex life, including oral sex, but my wife has never wished to indulge in fellatio and believed that oral sex of this kind was dirty and unnatural.

However, on returning home from work recently I was very surprised when my wife greeted me at the door - she was wearing next-to-nothing.

She led me, still in my suit, straight upstairs to the bedroom. She immediately bent down, undid my flies, and proceeded to rub me until I was fully erect. Then, beneath my unbelieving eyes, she took me into her mouth and started to suck me vigorously, while stroking my balls.

After a full two hours of beautiful sex (with special emphasis
turn to page 122

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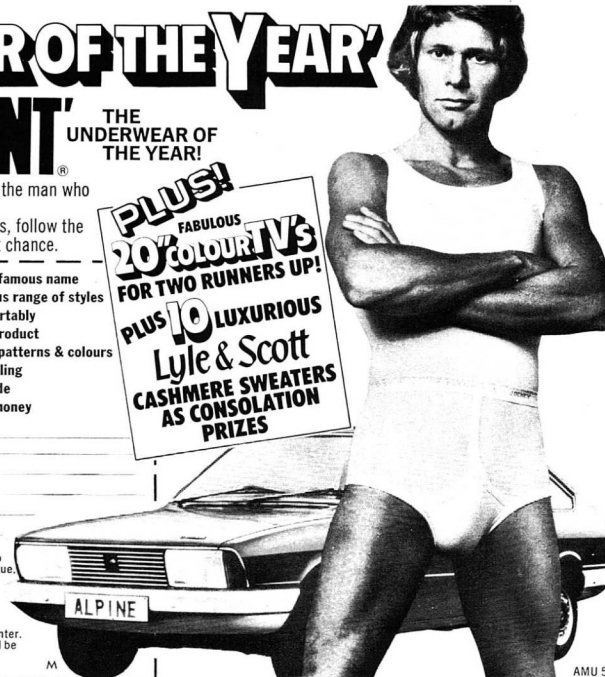
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Complete this entry form in ink, repeat your selection of letters in the same sequence on the back of the envelope and then post to 'Car of the Year' Competition, Lyle & Scott Limited, Eastern Avenue, Team Valley, Gateshead, Co Durham.
The Competition closes on Monday, November 15th 1976.
Each entry must be accompanied by the two Y-Front packs which contained the purchased garments and the sales receipt.
Employees of Lyle & Scott, associated and subsidiary companies including their advertising agent and families are not eligible to enter. No correspondence can be entertained and the judges decision will be final. Full rules available on request.
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- E Masculine patterns & colours
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LETTERS

continued from page 119

on the oral variety) she finally told me that she had found several copies of *Mayfair* in my desk and had read them all until she had been so turned-on that she had had to try it on me immediately. Since that evening oral sex has become very much part of our love life and my wife is prepared to try many more different positions.

A H, Godalming, Surrey

I particularly enjoy the letters pages of *Mayfair* and think you may wish to include an amusing (and alarming) incident which occurred to me a few months ago. I am a violin teacher and amongst my pupils is Susan, a 15-year-old coloured girl. I arrived at her house for the weekly lesson to be met on the front step by her mother, who was just leaving the house.

Susan and I spent about 20 minutes on a Bach saraband and then she excused herself. She was some time re-appearing, but when she did it was some entrance.

She was completely naked and the girl whom I always thought of as a child, was most decidedly a woman, with beautiful small and pointed breasts and a great deal of pubic hair. I figured that Bach had had it for the time so I went to work on this much more demanding new piece.

About ten minutes later I came in a blissful moment of ecstasy. Susan then put on her school-girl uniform and said to me: 'Supposing I told my mother about how you raped me just now.' I was speechless, but as I looked at her in her school blouse and white socks, I could see myself in court, trying unsuccessfully to convince a jury that this sweet little schoolgirl was a real-life Lolita.

Then she took a firmer tone: 'You're a very naughty boy' - 'I'm 30 by the way - and I'm going to punish you.' Without further ado she had me across her knees and was spanking me with a slipper. I had previously thought corporal punishment a trifle sick but administered by such a desirable mistress I soon found every stroke was ecstasy. By the time she had finished, I was finished also - utterly. Since then we have continued our lessons as

normal but as I drive to her home each week I am secretly praying that her mother will be out and that this teacher may once again find himself being punished by a most delectable pupil.

(Name and address withheld.)

As an ardent voyeur of school-girls in uniform, I agree wholeheartedly with A W of BFPO, who wrote a few months ago asking for more action from these delectable youngsters.

Not very long ago I witnessed two lovely long-legged school girls surrounded by their school-friends, rolling about on a grass embankment, fighting and displaying their nylon stockings and navy blue knickers to the delight of the onlookers who made no effort to separate them.

Perhaps we can see some such action in *Mayfair* as I find ordinary nudes quite boring and hunger for a change.

S Kelly, Edinburgh

Your hunger will have to be satiated with a few tit bits until we find other schoolgirls, like Sue Carterton in Vol 10 No 10, willing to provide a feast for your eyes.

At a friend's house recently I happened to browse through a copy of Vol 10 No 12 in which was featured a girl called Elizabeth Johnson from Boston, Lincs. Obviously I found her attractive but I also thought that she sounded 'my type'. I am a very honest and reliable fellow and my intentions are honest in this case. Would it be acceptable to give me her address?

I have already tried to get her address - the easiest method being through the Electoral Roll for Boston. I spent 50 minutes looking through it the first time and found only one Elizabeth Johnson in Boston. So I thought that was her. A week after writing to this person, and getting no reply, I rang her number. Her sister answered the 'phone to tell me that Elizabeth was in Kenya, that she was 58 years old and that she was a missionary doctor... hardly a suitable candidate for *Mayfair*, I would have thought.

So, I went back to Boston to try the Electoral Roll again. After many more minutes I found one more E Johnson in

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LETTERS

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the Boston district. Before writing to this person I am writing to you to see if you can spare me this.

I am an attractive bloke myself and I have little success with the opposite sex as it is so I'm not going to give up. Please have a heart.

C Holman

We're afraid Mr Holman that by the time the pictures were published, Elizabeth had indeed made good her intention to travel and was in the Caribbean. However, we were in no position to write to you and tell you of this because just like Elizabeth you were impossible to track down - you forgot to put your address on your letter!

Congratulations *Mayfair* for bringing us the unadorned charms of Miss Angel Tompkins, your latest silver screen siren, in Vol 11 No 7.

I remember being very taken with Angel when I saw the Lee Marvin seduction scene in *Prime Cut*. It's nice to have a name for those prime cuts I



remember. What a pity that she refused to bare her pubes though! Still, you can't have everything.

D A, Mortlake, London

Here's another look at the angelic Miss Tompkins (above).

After reading the letter in Vol 11 No 7 from Miss A S of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, I keep wondering if this lass is telling the truth or just fantasising.

I was really excited by her letter, the main reason being that I love big nipples. I am

26 years old and have been out with a number of girls, but I must confess that I have never encountered a girl who could match the nipple size of Miss A.S.

Another thing which makes me wonder about Miss A S is that she says she has a 40 inch bust. I have found that a big-breasted lass has bigger areolae but smaller nipples than a small-titted bird.

If Miss A S is telling the truth perhaps she could submit a photo of herself or her tits to back up her letter. One often sees boasting letters - but never any proof. If there's a girl out there with one-and-a-half-inch-plus nipples, how about sending a photograph to *Mayfair*, just to put this doubting boy at ease.

S G, Bromley, Kent

We'd be delighted to consider for letters page publication any photographs of long-nippled girls. Polaroids at the ready, gentlemen.

In her letter to you Miss A S of Edmonton, Alberta, virtually pleads with you, indirectly, to be allowed to expose her extraordinary niceties to your read-

ers' gaze and admiration. Her sister, too, seems to be quite a girl.

Judging from their heights and statistics, they must be excellent subjects for your photographic collection, and apart from anything else, must have legs that go right up to their you-know-whats.

It is a great pity that you would not be permitted to picture them indulging in their Lesbian activities. Miss S's sister's obvious charms are most intriguing - I just wish she could substantiate her claims. But I'm sure you are already following-up on this, and if you were sadly to decide that they do not warrant a colour pictorial, may we perhaps have a sight of Miss A S's remarkable breasts, nipples etc, in black and white.

PS: Her nipples and areolae, when excited, must be worthy of inclusion in the Guinness Book of Records.

H G Campbell, Broxbourne, Herts

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', *Mayfair Magazine*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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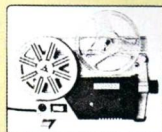
Starring magnificent Mandy Kuypers in full-colour — the sixth in our series of *Mayfair's* greatest girls on film for home viewing

Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37-24-36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-



blowing bottom. Boob-fanciers too will find much to admire as her office misadventures leave Mandy deliciously bare. Magnificent Mandy is available in clear, large-image Super 8mm format and can be yours to enjoy again and again for only £6.70, fully inclusive of all postage and packing, which can't be too bad for a film which, judging from your comments so far, seems destined to become a landmark in arousing home entertainment. Get your order off now and you'll soon be enjoying Mandy at her randiest.

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How better to view our films than with our own projector? It's just £18.25, complete with wall-hung screen, and comes in a special case. The fabulous Super 8 size, which gives you a larger image, is ideal for all your home movies. Note: We regret that this projector is available to UK readers only.

Mayfair additionally offers you five other masterpieces of erotic home entertainment. Five full-colour films and five great girls, all of them with that certain extra 'something' that sets them apart. There's cool, swinging blonde Caroline Dell with all the svelte appeal of a young Monroe and Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, and when you see her in a shiny polythene bikini, you'll know just why we had to capture her on film. If uniforms turn you on, you'll love air-hostess Sophie, whose full-breasted, long-legged attractions are revealed when her crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And finally there's cute, cuddly Victoria Jane — soft and warm with velvet eyes and dark flowing hair. She's all yours, along with Caroline, Sylvia, Penny and Sophie in either Standard or Super 8mm format for just £6.70 each. Great value for five really great girls.

Mayfair Film Society, 95A Chancery Lane, WC2.

Please send me Mandy Kuypers (Super 8 only)/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/Penny Mallett/air-hostess Sophie/Victoria Jane film(s) in Super/Standard 8mm. (Delete whichever does not apply). I enclose my cheque/postal order for _____ (All films are £6.70 each). I am over 18.

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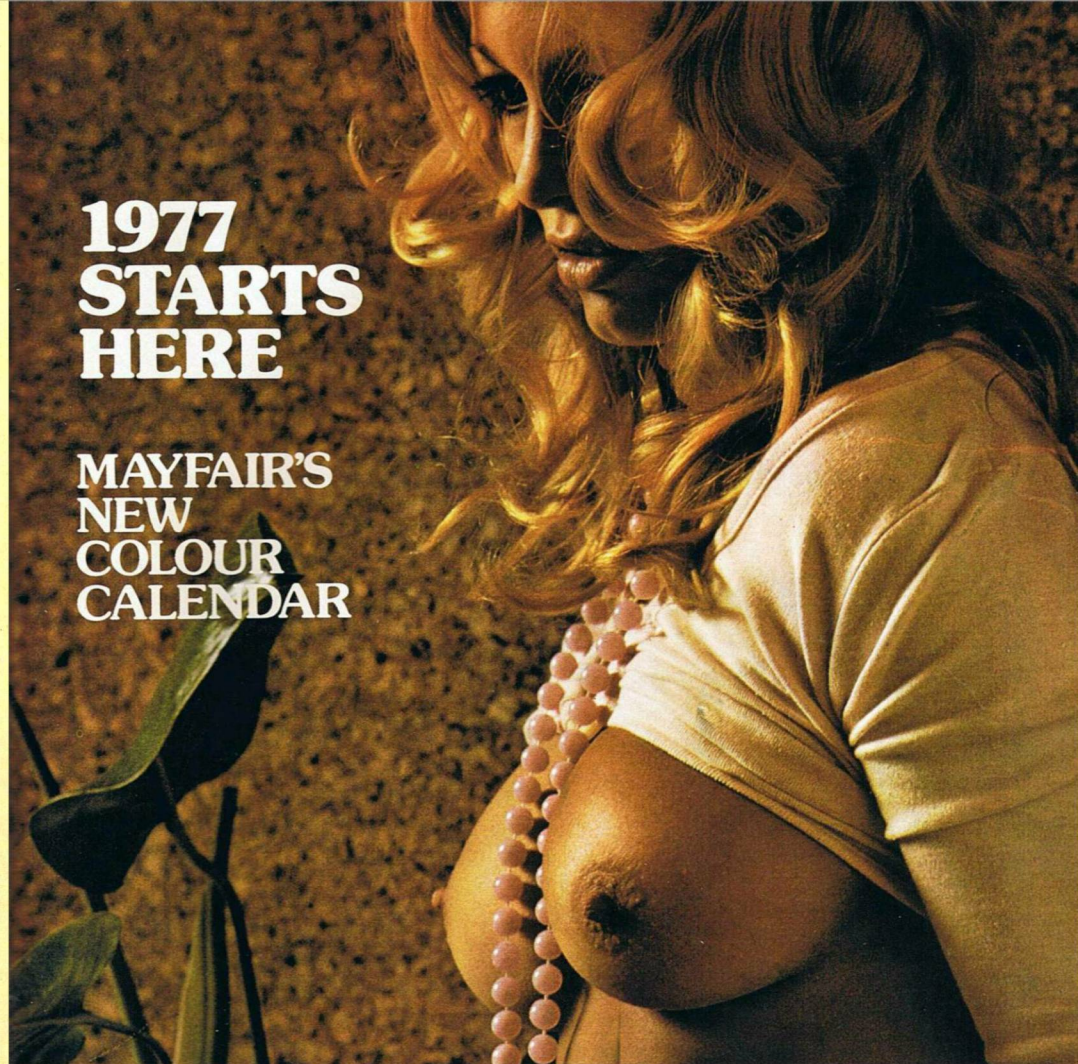
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If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify which film and format you want. Reg. London 875169.

1977 STARTS HERE

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Golden-haired Marilyn Looms, (above), is just one of the outstanding attractions in our new full-colour calendar — the biggest seller of its type in Britain. Twelve sparkling pictures of some of our greatest girls guarantee a sexy '77 right the way through. There's no need to keep a good thing all to yourself either because at just £1.35 each, fully inclusive of all postage and packing, the calendars make great presents which won't burn a hole in your pocket. So get 1977 off to the brightest start possible by sending in your order right now, because as soon as our calendars come on sale they sell fast. Very fast. And 1977 just won't seem the same if you miss out.

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